



No. 487.—VOL. XXXVIII.

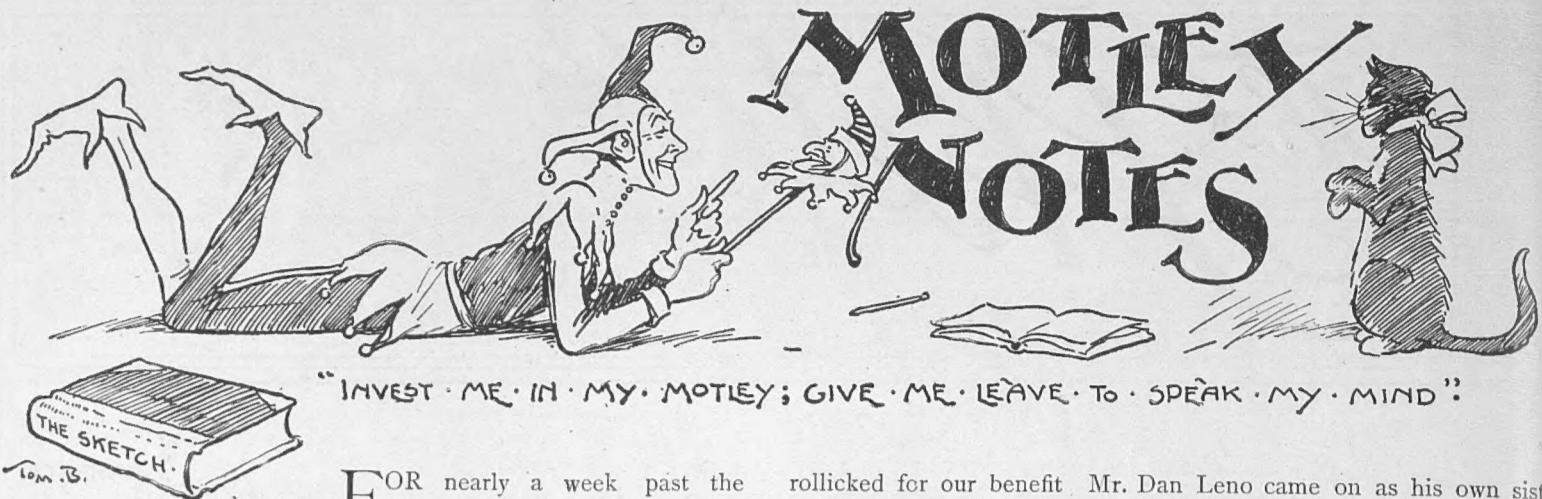
WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



"THE LATE MISS MAY."

A Photographic Study by Mabel Lomnitz, Victoria Street, S.W.



FOR nearly a week past the butterflies have taken possession of the classic groves, the multi-coloured gardens, the shady avenues of Oxford. (You know, of course, that people have been rowing eight-oared races there since last Thursday.) Most of the giddy little things, as is only natural, are of the English variety, but some have winged their fluttering way across the fearful waters of the broad Atlantic. In an ordinary way, Oxford is a grey old city. There is many a man there whose youth has been absorbed by the parched and yellow leaves of classic tomes, whose blood has been sucked dry by the philosophic phantoms of ancient Greece. These are the people who give the place its old-world, anti-carnal atmosphere, who chase the blush of modernity from its crumbling walls, who impart an air of possibility to its age-blackened panels. And, in so doing, they encourage the annual visitation of the butterflies by providing a highly effective, grossly flattering background.

For, to tell the truth at once, the butterflies don't care so very much for the races and the bands and the flags and all the rest of the up-to-date gaudiness. Their real delight is to penetrate to the inmost recesses of the College buildings; to dance, on gossamer wing, through the sun-denying cloisters; to settle, ever so lightly, in a darkened niche that has, through the ages, been sacred to the colourless works of Plato and Aristotle. Even a butterfly, you see, knows more of the game of life than a be-spectacled student. For the student, espousing the butterfly perched on his dusty cornice, wonders why it is that the cornice has suddenly become glorified. But the butterfly, cunning little fragment of femininity that she is, knew well, before she perched herself there, that the gloomy setting would make her charms quite irresistible.

During Eights Week, by the way, the butterfly confounds all the preconceived notions of entomologists by flitting hither and thither half the night instead of going to bed at sunset. True, she has not the wonderful eyes of her friend the moth, but she makes up for this deficiency by seeing to it that her hosts for the time being provide fairy-lights and lanterns to direct her out of the paths where she might possibly meet one of those cruel dragonflies called chaperons. The moths, silly creatures, being unused to artificial flickerings of this kind, mistake the flames for-fairy palaces of delight and speedily perish of their own inordinate desire for feverish dissipation. Not so the flirtful butterfly, for she, having spent long mornings in the neighbourhood of the very wise sun-dial, has learnt to temper her zeal with discretion and to avoid close contact with artificial lights as she would the interior of a killing-bottle. And so, when the headlong moths go whirring to a shameless death in view of all the world, the little butterfly, secure from observation in the leaf-screened corner of a College garden, nestles softly on the shoulder of a tender-hearted undergraduate and sips, eagerly yet daintily, at the insidious syrup of sentiment.

I do not go to a music-hall every night; I suppose it is because one is inclined to tire even of dogs who walk on their hind-legs and abnormally developed gentlemen who lie on their backs and turn little boys round on their feet. However, I visited the London Pavilion a few evenings ago, and was pleased to find a really capital programme. To begin with the negative attractions, there were no dumb animals, no trapeze artistes, and no knock-about comedians. At least, if there were, they had all done their tricks and disappeared before I arrived. The first "turn" I heard was Miss Fanny Wentworth's musical sketch, entitled "An American Invasion." Miss Wentworth relied, in the main, on a rendering of the "H. and the B." in the styles of various singers of that glucose song; it was distinctly clever. The Musketeers

rollicked for our benefit. Mr. Dan Leno came on as his own sister and fell several times in unexpected places; Mr. Will English thoroughly proved his claim to the title of Eccentric Negro Comedian; and Mr. George Robey, undressed to represent a Prehistoric Man, lectured to us on epochs. Mr. Robey, despite the fact that his career at Cambridge seems to be shrouded in a certain amount of obscurity, is a very intellectual comedian

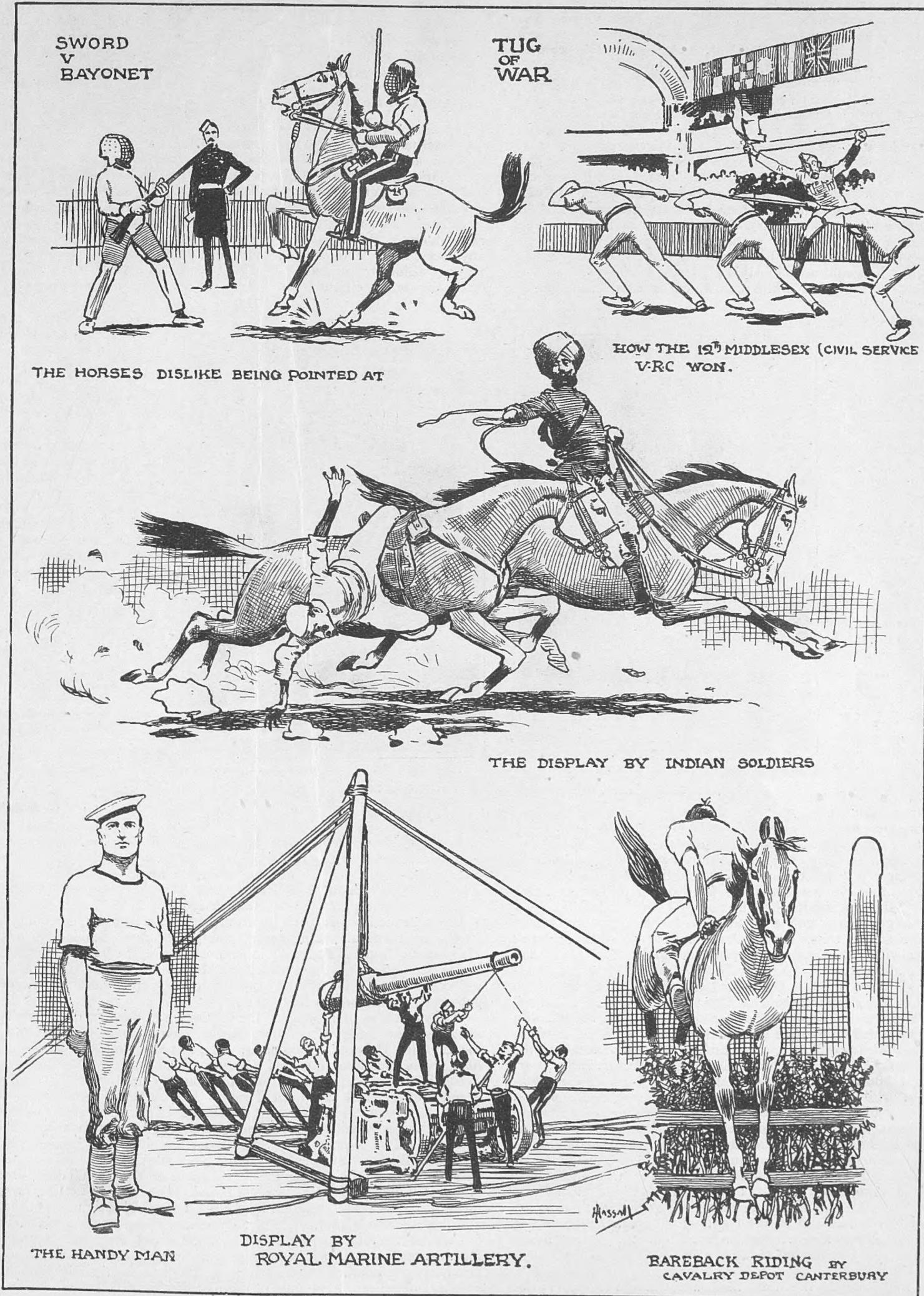
When I awoke on Sunday morning last and gazed upon a room full of real sunshine, a brilliant idea occurred to me. I say, a brilliant idea occurred to me. I determined to find my bike, cycle out to a certain riverside haunt of mine, and spend a long, lazy day with the leaves and the shadows and the ripples. The bike, although evidently annoyed at being disturbed from its overlong winter sleep, pulled itself together by the time we reached Hammersmith Bridge, became quite skittish on Barnes Common, and fairly ran away with me in Richmond Park. I was somewhat startled to note that a similarly brilliant idea had occurred to some thousands of my fellow townsfolk. The road was alive with cycles, motor-cars, coaches, wagonettes, dog-carts, donkey-shays. And the odd part of it was that they all seemed to be making for the river, for, when my punt came gliding out of its backwater into the open stream, I was at once surrounded by a medley of canoes, dinghies, skiffs, whiffs, sailing-boats, and electric-launches. I could only gasp in amazement and thank heaven that, unlike the road, the river was not dusty.

Please don't imagine for one moment that I endeavoured to enter into competition with this be-ribboned, be-collared multitude. The river that I love is not the river of noisy luncheon-parties, gold-tipped cigarettes, Parisian gowns. A pipe, an old coat, and an afternoon of shaded solitude are more to my taste, and it is not surprising, therefore, that I backed out of the sacrilegious crowd in very much the same way that a beetle scuttles into a corner before the broom of the housemaid. I was not quite pleased to find so many more pebbles on the beach, I admit, but one comforting thought came to cheer me in my disappointment. They didn't know my inn.

I must tell you about that inn. It is old, of course, and, just as naturally, it is smothered in green stuff. I don't know which is the front and which the back, but from one side you look through the low, old windows on to the sun-steeped village street, and from the other you watch the laughing, sensuous river, and the breeze-stirred masses of foliage beyond. The landlord is the most charming host imaginable, for, not content with supplying his patrons with the finest cold-beef, the most refreshing salad, and the mellowest ale in the world, he must needs quip you, joke you, yarn you, until the nightmares of London Town fly from your brain and your soul is filled with an overflowing exultation in the goodness of life. I don't know what I should do on the long summer Sundays without my little inn. Indeed, it is such a haven of delight that I scarcely feel justified in keeping all knowledge of the place to myself. Let me tell you, then, that it is screened by an island and stands between Henley and—er—Gravesend. There!

I was almost forgetting my promise to allude, each week, to the Coronation. However, I have just space to mention that the performance will certainly take place, that the cast will be a record one, and that the stars will even outshine in brilliancy the principals in Mr. Tree's revival of the "Merry Wives." Better than all, for once in a way we shall be free from the oaf that hoots.

"Chicst"



THE CLUBMAN.

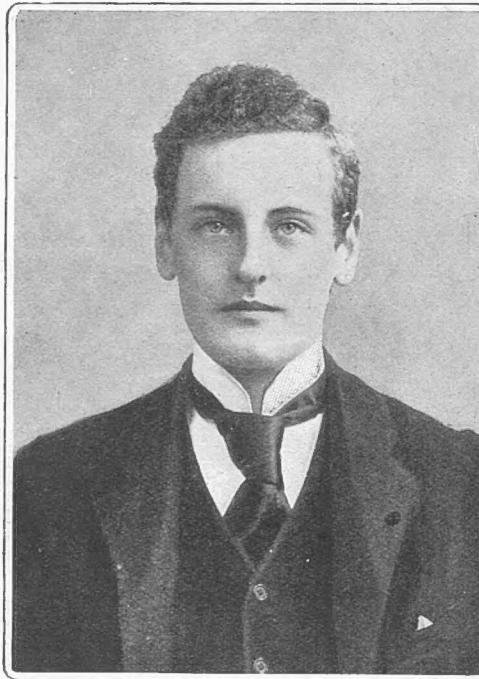
The Automobile Club at Bexhill—Some Famous Automobilists—And their Cars—The First Automobile Derby.

AT the commencement of last week I found myself in a Clubland with which I was quite unacquainted, for I was at Bexhill, and the Automobile Clubmen were for a time the masters of the little red township which has sprung up between Eastbourne and St. Leonards. The Automobile Club has fought its way and established itself as a power in Clubland, and, beginning in a small way in rooms at Whitehall Court, has now its house and "garage" in Piccadilly. The members talk of buying a country house, a comfortable run distant from London, and Bexhill-on-Sea seems likely to become to the Automobile Club what Newmarket is to the Jockey Club. Lord De La Warr is the titular owner, the landlord, and first Mayor of Bexhill; but for a couple of days the automobilists were *de facto* the rulers of the town, and when M. Serpollet, on the evening before the races, declared that he would not race in his new car because the little arch and gates which closed the end of the private track constituted a danger, he was promised by the authorities that by six next morning there should not be a vestige of arch or gates remaining. Let it be recorded, to the honour of M. Serpollet as a gallant Frenchman, that, when he found his wishes would be met in every respect, he would not allow this wholesale sacrifice of masonry, and next day, in his great white car, which is excellently named "The Easter Egg," he steered most successfully through the dreaded gates.

The Automobile Club had taken half the bedrooms at the Sackville Hotel, and on Sunday evening the great hall of the hotel was filled by an assemblage which would have mightily puzzled any observer suddenly put down in its midst without knowing where he was. Most of the men had the appearance of athletes, but their talk was not the talk of the running-path or of the golf-links, but of speeds and pressures, lubrication and radiation, and distances were always mentioned in French measurement of mètres and kilomètres. English was not by any means the only language

used for the expression of opinions on all-important subjects. The men in this assemblage seemed to know each other, and moving from one group to another were the celebrities of the automobile world. M. Deutch, who gave the prize for air-ship navigation which was won by Santos-Dumont when he rounded the Eiffel Tower, a pleasant-faced gentleman with a close-clipped white beard and waxed ends to his moustache, chatted in excellent English to Lord De La Warr; M. Serpollet, with an aureole of brown hair, and brown beard and moustache, had much to say to Baron Henri Rothschild, whose good-natured face is fringed with a little beard and whose great girth is no impediment to him as an intrepid chauffeur. The jovial King's Counsel, Mr. Roger Wallace, represented the Bar on wheels. Mr. Edge, with a square, determined chin and a black moustache, and Mr. Campbell-Muir, a light-haired Scotchman, were some of the best-known of the English amateur drivers in the crowded hall. Messrs. John Scott-Montagu and Henry Norman answered for the House of Commons automobilists, while Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, clean-shaved, with a wisp of hair on his forehead, the author of one of the standard works on automobilism, headed the list of the writers on the subject who had all flocked to Bexhill to see whether the theories they propounded in print were carried out in reality. Outside the hotel on Sunday the air seemed to buzz and throb and hum with the noise of the automobiles which came whirring down the roads from north and east and west to the Club centre. All the horses seemed to have left the town, and two depressed fly-horses and a stolid animal in a dray, a horse who looked as if he had no sensitiveness, were the only four-legged beasts I saw during my stay in Bexhill-on-Sea.

On the road outside the hotel there were strange monsters to be seen on Sunday afternoon. A long, grey, armour-plated thing, which looked like a submarine-boat, was really Baron Henri de Rothschild's



Photograph by Gillman, Oxford.

EARL BEAUCHAMP,

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

40 horse-power Daimler Mercedes. Another machine, which had the appearance of two wedges of cheese with their thickest parts joined together, was a 30 horse-power Wolseley christened "The Khaki," and there were two gigantic white Cinderella slippers made into Easter eggs on wheels, with a chauffeur where the sugar-plums ought to be, which were the Serpollets, one of which beat all records on the asphalt of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. There were vicious-looking red Darracqs, stripped to race, with all their pipes showing like the bones of a skeleton, and a beautiful light-blue Mors, and perky little Locomobiles and Electromobiles and Panhards and Gladiators and others, all differing in shape and by a score of different makers, and round each was a little crowd, such as one sees round the equine racers in a paddock, and the very knowing ones amongst the spectators would pat a tyre or lay a hand on a lever just to show they were quite at home with the mechanism.

On Monday the members of the Automobile Club were well to the fore, each man with a little red pennon with "A.C." on it pinned on his coat, acting as Starters, Judges, Clerks of the Course, and Stewards of the first great automobile races held in England. The racecourse was a curious sight, for the excursionists from the neighbouring towns and the good country folk who lined each side of the broad gravel-track were so surprised at the whole performance that they never raised a cheer, and, instead of the coaches that one expects to see at any races, there were, as a second line, half-a-hundred automobiles ranged behind the pedestrians. Two by two, the smaller cars, tourist or racing ones, climbed the hill on which was the starting-point,

turned, showing the great numbers on their fronts, and, at a gun-shot, rolled down the hill, gathering speed as they went, cut the wire at the starting-point, and then went buzzing or singing along at top speed over the five-eighths of a mile to the winning-post. The big cars went singly, racing against time, and it was a very impressive sight to see a ton of metal hurtling along at the speed of a runaway express engine.



Photograph by the Biograph Studio.

LADY LETTICE GROSVENOR,

A POPULAR ENGAGEMENT.

The engagement of Lord Beauchamp to Lady Lettice Grosvenor is an important social event. The youthfulex-Governor of New South Wales is, if the young Duke

of Roxburgh be excepted, the most eligible of Peer bachelors. He is one of those young men who seem destined to do well whatever they undertake; even as an undergraduate he wrote letters to the *Times*, and, as President of the Oxford Union, he proved himself capable of managing large bodies of his fellows.

Lord Beauchamp is certainly a prophet in his own country. He is adored in Great Malvern, near which prosperous town his beautiful seat, Madresfield Court, is situated; indeed, on his return from New South Wales he received from the whole neighbourhood a good old English welcome, men, women, and children of all ranks and conditions gathering together to do him honour.

Lady Lettice Grosvenor, the elder of the two unmarried daughters of Lady Grosvenor, is, of course, one of the three sisters of the Duke of Westminster. She has spent most of her young life in the neighbourhood of Chester, dividing her time between Eaton Hall—for the late Duke was passionately fond of his fatherless grandchildren—and Saigton Towers, the charming country-house which has been for many years the home of Mr. George Wyndham and Lady Grosvenor. There Lady Lettice and her two sisters, the elder of whom is now Lady Shaftesbury, spent a happy, well-filled girlhood, fond of all outdoor sports and busying themselves very earnestly with gardening, for the fine gardens of Saigton Towers owe much to Lady Grosvenor's love of horticulture. Lady Lettice often helped her mother to entertain her brilliant step-father's many political and literary friends, and, since Mr. Wyndham accepted the responsible position of Secretary of State for Ireland, Lady Grosvenor's daughters have naturally been much in Ireland. Accordingly, the future Countess Beauchamp is admirably suited to be an ambitious young statesman's wife and helpmeet. The date of the wedding is not yet fixed, but it is practically certain to take place either from Grosvenor House or from Eaton Hall.

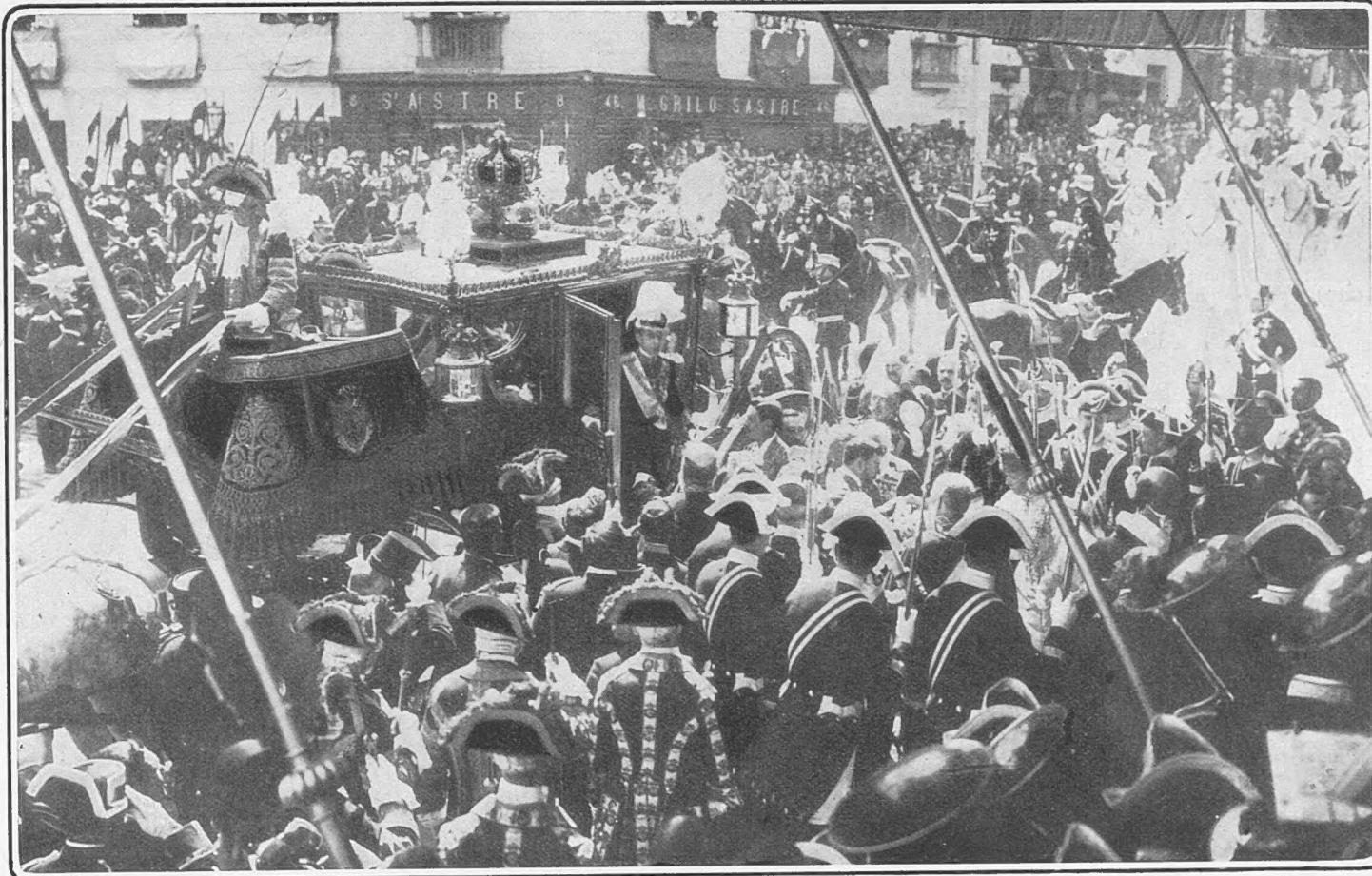
THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF SPAIN, MAY 17.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL COACH AT THE CORTES: THE
QUEEN-REGENT GETTING OUT OF THE CARRIAGE.



CHINESE AMBASSADOR, CHANG-TE-JA, WHO WILL ALSO REPRESENT
HIS EMPEROR AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.



HIS MAJESTY KING ALFONSO XIII. ARRIVING AT THE CORTES.



KING ALFONSO ON THE WAY TO THE CORTES TO TAKE THE OATH.

Photographs by C. Chusseau-Flaviens, Paris.

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E N N I S K I L L E N, B U N D O R A N, D O N E G A L H I G H L A N D S.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

His Majesty's Birthday. "Many Happy Returns!" Next Friday—that is, May 30—will be celebrated the King's official birthday. His Majesty will thus fulfil the ambition of every normal child, for in a very real sense he will find himself in the possession of two birthdays each year. But henceforth November 9, King Edward's true natal day, will be celebrated as a strictly private family festival, and the public at large will be invited to consider it only as Lord Mayor's Day. Meanwhile, much speculation is abroad as to who will receive Birthday honours. It is, of course, possible that this year His Majesty's official birthday may pass over without the distribution of honours usual in other years, for the Coronation list of honours is sure to be a long and important one, and most people

should select her pages from among her own and the King's godsons, but Lord Selborne's eldest son, the grandson of Lord Salisbury, has already been chosen. It would be a pretty compliment to also add the young owner of Hawarden, who has been known to the Queen from childhood.

"Little Britain" at Marlborough House. There is something very touching and appropriate in the invitation given by the Prince and Princess of Wales to the children of the Foundling Hospital. The curious fate of the inmates of this famous charitable institution has moved the imagination of more than one great writer, and certainly no action of the Prince and Princess



VICEREGAL VISIT TO PESHAWAR: HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY'S ARRIVAL AT THE GOR VIHATIE TO RECEIVE THE ADDRESS FROM THE MUNICIPALITY OF PESHAWAR CITY.

Photograph by Holmes, Peshawar.

would prefer to receive their peerage, baronetage, or knighthood on Coronation Day than on the Sovereign's official birthday.

Some Royal Gossip. King Edward and Queen Alexandra will honour many of their more distinguished subjects with their presence at dinner during the month of June, and they are also expected to be present at, at least, four of the great balls which are to be a special feature of the Coronation Season. The first of these will take place on the 9th of next month at Curzon House, which has one of the largest ball-rooms in London, and their Majesties will be present at the dinner which will precede the ball. On Derby night, following her custom when Princess of Wales, the Queen and her daughters will dine with the Duchess of Devonshire, while the Royal Derby Day Dinner will take place at Buckingham Palace. The King and Queen have promised to also attend quite a number of charity functions, notably the bazaar which is to take place the second week in June at the French Embassy. Great interest is taken in the question as to which lucky youths will be included among the Queen's pages on Coronation Day. It has been suggested that Her Majesty

could have given greater pleasure and satisfaction to Londoners, taken as a whole, than this recognition of the claims of "Little Britain" to Royal consideration and kindness. Their Royal Highnesses' fortunate young guests will be accommodated on large stands erected in the gardens of Marlborough House, and they will each receive a souvenir of the historic occasion. The children of London will most of them be given the chance of seeing one of the two Royal Processions, but few will be so favoured as the Foundlings.

Viceroyal Visit to Peshawar. Lord Curzon paid an official visit to Peshawar, the great caravanserai, on the 26th of last month, and addressed a durbar of chiefs, native gentlemen, and representatives of the North-West Frontier Provinces and the trans-border tracts adjoining on the relations of the Government with the Frontier tribes, insisting that no credence should be given to the false rumours in circulation, and explaining at length the British policy. It was not their intention, he urged, to meddle with religious matters, to seize territory, or to lessen the independence of the tribes; but, should a war become imperative, it would assuredly be carried

through. Allowances would be made to the natives for the opening of the passes, for the keeping of peace, and for the punishment of criminals. At the same time, he drew attention to the generosity of the Government in permitting military employment to levies of Militia, and expressed the hope that the tribesmen, as honourable men, would repay the confidence placed in them by honestly fulfilling their part of the bargain. He also made it clear that, though the railways were primarily intended to, and assuredly did, strengthen the British position, numerous advantages to the tribes would accrue from them, and stated his belief that a growing trade would mean a growing friendship and peace. The Viceroy drove through the streets of Peshawar between lines of native soldiers and under an escort of native cavalry. On his arrival at the Gor Vihat, he was presented with an address by the Municipality of the City.

Premier Duchesses. It is a curious fact that, had the Duke of Hamilton, who was beginning to be looked upon as a confirmed bachelor, not married Miss Nina Poore some four months ago, the Premier Dukes of England, Scotland, and Ireland would have been unrepresented by Duchesses at the Coronation. The Duke of Norfolk is a widower, and so the duty of leading the Duchesses of England will fall to the Duchess of Somerset; while, as the Duke of Leinster is still a boy, the Duchess of Abercorn will head the Irish Duchesses. The Duchess of Hamilton is the youngest Peeress of her rank and is a very beautiful woman.

Ladies in Clubland. The impression that the softer sex is not a "clubable" one seems unfounded. At any rate, quite a number of Clubs for ladies only are already in a most flourishing state of existence, while within the last week or so two others have been added to the list. One of these bears the official title of "The Ladies' Service Club" and the distinctly unofficial one of "The Frocks and Frills Club." It is, as its proper name implies, intended for the accommodation of the wives and feminine belongings generally of naval and military officers. A strong Committee has been secured, and the list of original members includes some well-known names.

The second of these Clubs in which man (save as a properly vouched for guest) has no place is called "The Ladies' Empire." Founded under the auspices of the Victoria League, it is installed in a charmingly fitted-up suite of rooms in Whitehall Court. It is not carried on for the cult of any particular "ism," but merely for the purpose of providing a convenient centre for social intercourse among ladies visiting London from different parts of the Empire. Serving on the Committee of Management are the Countess of Jersey, Lady Blake, Lady Tweedmouth, and Mrs. Clinton Dawkins. An inaugural "At Home" was held in the Club premises the other day, when a large number of members and friends assembled to meet the Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Chamberlain.

Other Clubs for Ladies.

these have their premises in Dover Street and the immediate vicinity of Bond Street (the district being chosen, presumably, on account of its being the centre of the fashionable shopping-world), while others are located in Grosvenor Square and the neighbourhood of Victoria Station. The one that has been longest in existence appears to be the

Alexandra (at 12, Grosvenor Street, W.), which was founded in 1884. After this comes the University (32, George Street, Hanover Square), which dates from 1887. A specially attractive point about Ladies' Clubs—in masculine eyes, at any rate—consists in the extremely moderate entrance-fees and annual subscriptions levied upon members. These range from nothing at all to five guineas (in respect of entrance-fees) and from ten shillings to five guineas (in respect of annual subscriptions for town members). In one or two of the leading Clubs, however—such as the Empress and Grosvenor Crescent—the entrance-fees have been increased of late. Still, they are a good deal below those demanded in Clubs that cater only for men.

Lord Rosebery at Golf.

A few years ago, when presented with a set of clubs at the opening of a golf-course, Lord Rosebery said he was almost the only Scotsman who did not play golf. Last week, however, it was reported he had taken part in a foursome with the King, Lord Roberts, and Mr. Balfour. Did he then receive his first lesson from the Leader of the House of Commons? Formerly, Lord Rosebery professed to dread the game,

because it was far too engrossing and absorbing. He has admitted, however, that it can be pursued to an advanced period of life, and certainly he is not yet too old to become absorbed in it. On the breezy links he may forget the worries of Liberal - Imperialism and ignore the slanders of Pro-Boers.

The Commons, after a good Whitsuntide holiday, are at work again. As the distractions of the Coronation approach, the task of the Government Whips will increase. Unfortunately for them, the Nationalists are likely to celebrate the Coronation by redoubling their Parliamentary efforts. A large number of the Unionists must, therefore, be always within call. There will be scores of divisions on amendments to the Finance Bill, and, if the Government are to avoid the autumn Session with which the talkative House has been threatened for its sins, they will have to press on rapidly with the Education Bill in Committee.

Miss Lawson Johnston, the pretty young daughter of the great financier, will certainly be included among the charming group of Coronation belles, as the prettier débutantes

and those of their elder sisters who are already "out" are now being styled, for we seem to be returning to the speech as well as to the fashions which ruled when George III. was King. Miss Lawson Johnston is a typical English girl, fond of all healthy outdoor pleasures, and enjoying to the full the pleasant prospects which life holds out to such as she, for existence is made delightful to the great heiresses of to-day. In this country those interesting little facts concerning charming young ladies are not trumpeted abroad as they are on the other side of the Atlantic, and the fact that a girl is pretty and amiable counts more in Society than does the question of her *dot*.

Artistic Picture Post-cards.

Messrs. Alfred Ellis and Walery, the eminent photographers, are issuing some very attractive picture post-cards which should appeal to theatre-goers and collectors alike. Each contains an excellent portrait of a leading member of the profession, set in the midst of an effective design. Unlike some of the atrocious, highly coloured, "made in Germany" specimens, these cards are in simple black-and-white, and their artistic merit is undeniable.



MISS LAWSON JOHNSTON IN HER PRESENTATION DRESS.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

A Future Duchess? According to rumour, the brilliant Vice-reine of Ireland, now known to all and sundry as Lady Cadogan, is to exchange her Countess's coronet for the strawberry-leaves at no distant date. Few women have deserved better of their country, for no one who has not lived in Ireland can realise how many, how delicate, and how difficult are the duties of the Vice-Queen. For the last seven years Lady Cadogan has performed these duties in truly admirable fashion. Before Lord Cadogan accepted his present post, he and his beautiful and accomplished wife were considered quite among the most brilliant leaders of the great London world. Their town house, Chelsea House, Cadogan Place, is admirably adapted for the giving of splendid entertainments, and there Lady Cadogan has often acted as hostess to Royalty. The King is supposed to have the same dislike of creating new Dukedoms as had the late Sovereign, but it is usual to mark a Coronation by the bestowal of at least one such honour, and it would be difficult to find any couple belonging to the British aristocracy more thoroughly worthy of so signal an honour.

A Peerless Peeress. Lady Annesley is thought by many people to be the best-looking of the beautiful group of Irish Peeresses who will grace the Coronation with their presence. She is a true Irishwoman, witty, capable, and generous-hearted, gifted with a beautiful voice which she is always ready to use in the cause of real charity—that is, in hospital wards, and in other spots where gather together the disinherited ones of the earth—while she is also keenly interested in all kinds of outdoor sport, and especially in fishing, a taste which she shares with Lord Annesley. Castlewellan is famed, even in the land of fishermen and fisherwomen, for its wonderful lakes, which have been carefully re-stocked under the personal direction of Lord Annesley and his young wife. As most people are aware, the present mistress of Castlewellan and of Annesley Lodge, one of the most charming of town houses, is Lord Annesley's second wife. She



MRS. G. N. KIRKPATRICK.

Lady Moyra Cavendish is doubly connected with the Dukeries; she was one of the group of pretty and clever daughters of the late Duke of St. Albans, and she is a niece by marriage of the Duke of Devonshire. Lady Moyra is the eldest daughter of the present Duchess of St. Albans, her two half-sisters being Lady Louise Loder and Lady Sybil Lascelles. She spent her early childhood in the most brilliant and interesting political society, for her father was at one time a noted politician. Lady Moyra was just twenty when she married Mr. Richard Cavendish, the second son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish. Lady Moyra, who through her mother has Irish blood in her veins, is never happier than when spending a holiday in Ireland.

Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, of the prettiest women in military society, comes herself of distinguished fighting stock. She was the eldest daughter of the late Major-General A. C. Hay. At the time of her marriage to the distinguished soldier whose name she bears he had already acted as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and she was still a bride when he went through the Burmah Campaign. Mrs. Chamberlain has shared to the full the anxieties and triumphs which have fallen to the lot of all soldiers' wives during the last few years, for, as Lord Roberts's First Aide-de-Camp and Private Secretary, he took part in the most thrilling moments of the momentous South African struggle. Mrs. Chamberlain is one

of the most popular personalities of Dublin Society, her home, when not accompanying Colonel Chamberlain to some outpost of the Empire, being a pretty place, Oatlands, at Castleknock, County Dublin.

American Leaders of Society. American women are admittedly admirable leaders of Society; they seem at home in every European Capital. That this is so is doubtless owing to the fact that in America the career of a Society woman is taken very seriously not only by herself, but by her friends. Such



MRS. JAMES HUDE BEEKMAN.



MRS. EDWIN GOULD.



MRS. GEORGE GOULD.

FOUR MILLIONAIRES LEADERS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Photographs by Aimé Dupont, New York.

has two tiny daughters who promise to be as beautiful as she is herself, and she has lately been chaperoning her step-daughter, Lady Mabel Annesley, a pretty, bright girl, who is likely to be one of the youthful beauties of the Coronation Season.

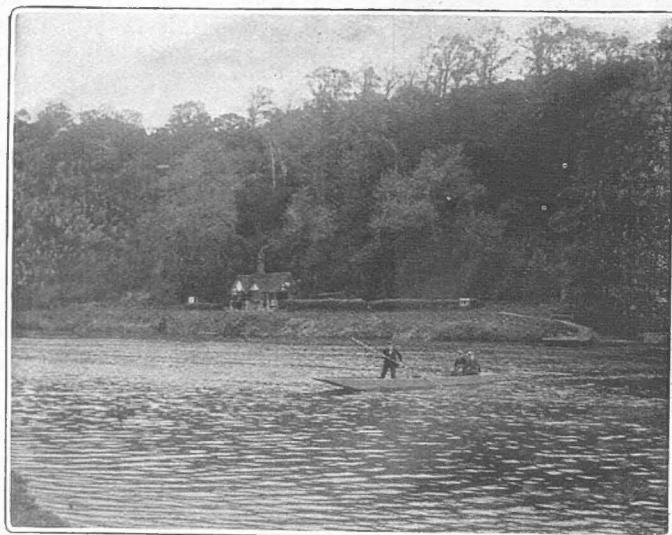
ladies as the distinguished-looking quartette whose portraits I am able to publish to-day, Mrs. G. N. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. James Hude Beekman, Mrs. Edwin Gould, and Mrs. George Gould, are one and all noted for their triumphant success as hostesses and as women of the world.

Whitsuntide in
Germany.

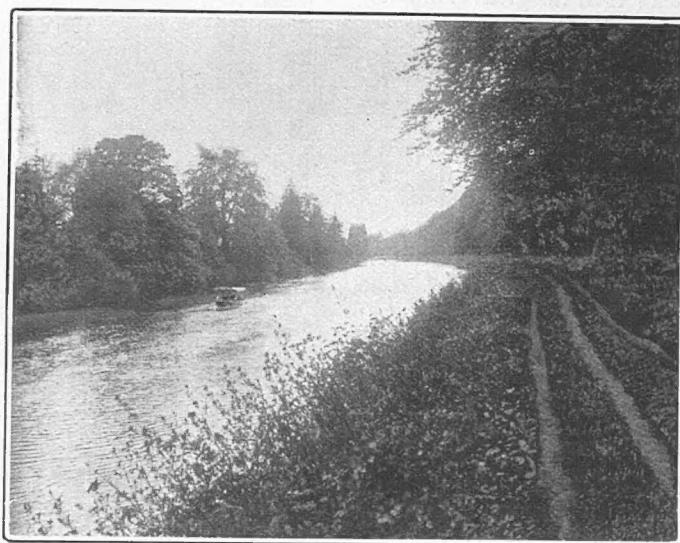
Snow and sleet and heavy thunder-storms heralded the three days' holiday of "Pfingsten," or Whitsuntide (writes my Berlin Correspondent).

The whole week prior to the actual feast-days themselves the ground in the Rhine Provinces was in many parts white with snow, and terrible havoc was dealt to the young vines by hail and heavy rains. It was hoped that this bad weather might prove to be a precursor of finer and warmer days at the end of the week. But this was not to be. In vain had all the maid-servants hurried to the milliners' shops to invest in fearful and wonderful headgear of every hue and shape: they were unable to parade their gaudy finery on Whit-Sunday to admiring friends. Cartfuls of birch boughs were sold in all parts of the country on Saturday, in accordance with the old custom prevailing in Germany. Is this, perhaps, to be connected with the Feast of Tabernacles, when "the people made themselves booths" of branches of the trees? Certainly all the houses, carts, railway-engines, and even the humble

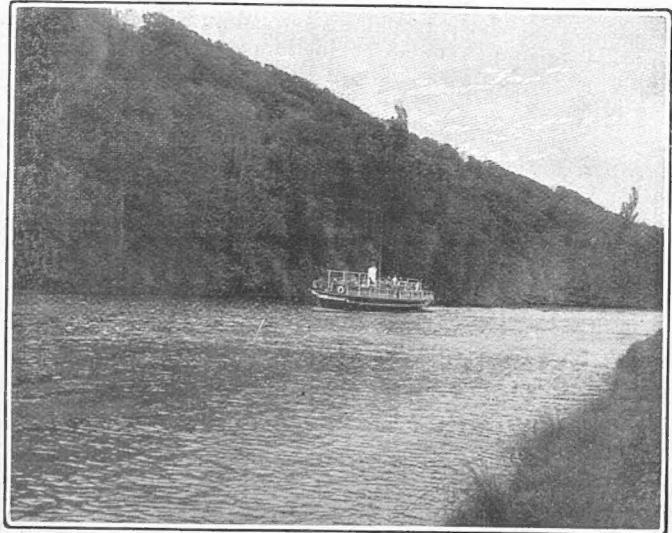
Berlin Home for British and American Governesses. This excellent institution deserves the most liberal support, for it meets a very great need in Berlin. Every year numbers of governesses arrive in Berlin from England, in the hope of obtaining situations in German families, for it is well known that the Germans as a nation, and especially those of the Jewish persuasion, are ever most eager to have their children trained thoroughly *à l'Anglaise*. It is considered the *chic* thing that the little children should not only be able to speak English as well as German, but also that they should be taught to behave at table and in society in general like English gentlefolk. For this reason there is always a large demand for English ladies. But it often occurs that such ladies come to Berlin on the chance of obtaining employment and quite, or almost entirely, unprovided with a supply of money whereon to live until employment is found. Also it happens fairly frequently that a governess gets thrown out of work for a time. All these and similar cases are met by the Governesses' Home in Berlin. It is



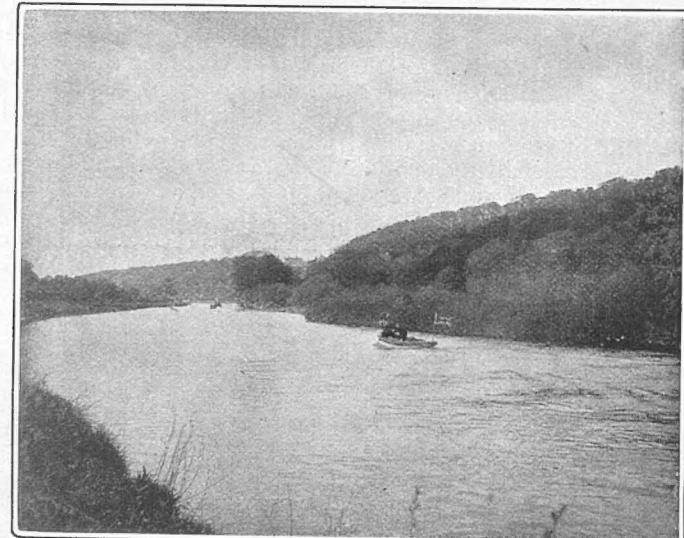
MY LADY FERRY.



PASSING FORMOSA ISLAND.



CLIVEDEN WOODS AND PLEASURE-STEAMER "EMPERESS OF INDIA."



CLIVEDEN REACH.

WHITSUNTIDE ON THE THAMES.

At the time of year when these snapshots were taken, the river is usually alive with pleasure-craft of every description.

rag-pickers' hand-carts were, as usual, decorated for the nonce with profuse supplies of fresh green birch.

The quaint old town of Potsdam was especially full of this form of adornment, and very pretty was the effect in the old Market-place, with its queerly gabled houses, its prehistoric carrier-carts huddled under the projecting roofs, and its general dirtiness and squalor. Great disappointment reigned among all classes at the heavy downpour. The tennis tournament had to be postponed, the races at Hoppegarten had to be held under most dismal circumstances, and the Anglo-American Club of Berlin was patronised rather on account of its billiards, Ping-Pong, and Chuck-Chuck than of its tennis. Altogether, the usually joyous Whitsuntide festival was a dismal failure.

Berlin Governesses' Home. The concert to be held under the patronage of the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, and his daughter, Miss Florence Lascelles, in the spacious rooms of the German Kriegs-Academie, which have been kindly lent for the occasion, is for the purpose of raising funds for the

needless to state that the funds of this admirable institution are strained very severely at times. At the present juncture, new premises of a very satisfactory character have been taken near the Potsdamer Brücke (all former residents in or visitors to Berlin will know where that is); the rental is fairly high, and the move naturally cost more than a trifle. The proceeds of the concert will, it is hoped, meet the deficiency. The Home is efficiently and excellently managed by the Lady Superintendent, Miss Lake, who is as indefatigable in her labours on behalf of the Home as she is loved and esteemed by the inmates. The concert will undoubtedly prove a success, for I notice that among the performers no less a celebrity than Mr. van Eweyk, who sang only a short time ago before the Emperor at Potsdam, is figuring. The concert takes place to-day, May 28.

The Potsdam "Schrippenfest." Ever since the Lehr-Battalion, or School Battalion, was first inaugurated, the anniversary of its origin has been faithfully kept up by a regular kind of parade, followed by a dinner to all the men, each man in former times having his regulation "Schrippen," or loaf of

bread, apportioned him by his superiors. The German Emperor, with his usual keenness for observing all the customary festivals and functions, attended the ceremony this year in person. The Kaiser, as I stated last week, remained of necessity at Badenweiler, and was, therefore, unable to attend. It is worthy of note that the Emperor asked the Duchess of Albany to take Her Majesty's place on



THE KINGS STONE AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES,
DECORATED IN HONOUR OF THE MILLENNARY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD THE ELDER.
Photograph by Denton and Co., Union Road, S.W.

this occasion; the Emperor, too, paid no little attention to her daughter, Princess Alice, who everyone here believes will some day be the German Crown Prince's bride. Certainly the Emperor was noticed to be constantly talking to the Princess, and gossips naturally jump to the conclusion that His Majesty already views her in the light of daughter-in-law. After the field-service had been held the dinner was commenced. During the course of the dinner, all assembled were not a little startled to see the Emperor suddenly rise and face the Russian Ambassador, Count von Osten Sacken, and call for a "Hoch" for "his dear friend Nicholas the Second, the Emperor of Russia." This action of the Emperor, which was as unexpected as it was inexplicable, also furnishes busybodies with ample scope for conjecture, especially as the words spoken by His Majesty were followed by the playing of the Russian National Anthem by the band.

*The Millenary
Celebration at
Kingston-on-
Thames.*

The good people of this delightful old river-town, by procession, masque, and civic ceremony, have recalled to themselves and to us a glimpse of the days that were in England—"the days when the world was wide"—and have snatched midst the busy rush of things a breath of the earlier, simpler times. Chief among the treasures of the town, guarded jealously, is the ancient Kings Stone, upon which, tradition tells us, this early Edward and six other of our Saxon monarchs were crowned. A thousand years have flown, yet, staunch and brave, the same stone stands unchanged midst change; and, with garland and with flowers, is honoured to-day.

Up the River. So far, the river has been almost deserted this season, as the cold weather has kept the regular frequenters of the Thames at home. Even on Whit-Monday very few trippers ventured out, and probably never since the Whitsuntide holidays became a popular institution have so few boats been let out as this season. The riverside lodgings are, however, beginning to fill up with enthusiasts who wait only for a reasonably warm and comparatively sunny day to put out on to their favourite stream. Given decent weather, the Thames season promises to be exceptionally good this year, for, in addition to those who have always been faithful to the tub and the punt, a great number of Londoners are proposing to let their houses for the Coronation and to spend the summer up the river. Their plans have, however, been marred by the inclement weather, and by the fact that so far there seem to be more houses in London to let than there are strangers anxious to take them.

*Coronation
Rehearsals.* The Thames Embankment is one of the finest thoroughfares in London, but it is also one of the least used. There were, therefore, not many people about the other morning, at eight o'clock,

when the King's Equerry held a rehearsal for the ceremony of the progress of the King and Queen to St. Paul's and the Guildhall on July 3. The rehearsal was held for the purpose of timing the procession over the route, in order to ensure punctuality, and also in order to see if it will be possible for the carriages to pass between the many refuges which block the wide and awkward crossing at the north entrance to Blackfriars Bridge. Probably one of these refuges will have to be removed, but otherwise the route presents no difficulties whatever.

*"Chestnut
Sunday."*

Last Sunday was "Chestnut Sunday," but the spring festival was a failure. The frosts and bitter winds have quite spoiled the blossoms this year, and the splendid avenue in Bushey Park was shorn of half its glories. The great white "candles" with which the trees are usually laden are all pinched and brown, and the pilgrims who go to the Park to see the wonderful display of blossoms were last Sunday comparatively few in number. It is not often that "Chestnut Sunday" has to be postponed, or that, when it is postponed, the biggest gratuitous flower-show of the season is so disappointing.

*Labelling
Motor-Cars.*

The Surrey magistrates are once more bringing down the maledictions of motor-car drivers on their devoted heads for the way in which, on mere police evidence, they are fining automobilists and apparently doing their utmost to drive them off the roads. The police method of estimating speed seems to be fit only for comic opera, and the motor-car people have good cause for grumbling; but there is something to be said on the other side. Only the other day, a man complained that the horse he was driving was so frightened by a huge motor-car that it spilled him into the hedge, while the car buzzed off as hard as it could go, so that he could obtain neither redress nor address. But why should not motor-cars have to carry a legible and registered number by which, in the event of any accident or complaint, they could be easily traced? That and a summons would solve all difficulties. Gentlemen shot into a thorny hedge would have their remedy, and the police would no longer have to dodge about country roads with cheap stopwatches to secure a conviction.

"Romeo Coates." Coates recalls a very curious by-path of theatrical history. A hundred years ago there was a man named Robert Coates, a Bath beau, who gained a good deal of notoriety as an amateur actor. He was a miserable performer, but it was his ambition to play Romeo, and, as he was a man of some means, he insisted upon doing so at one of the minor theatres of the time. His reading of the character was received with jeers by his audiences, but so persistent was he that he was known all over London by the name of "Romeo Coates." Whether the Romeo Coates of to-day is a descendant of the amateur actor has not been announced, but, at any rate, his public appearance was more unfortunate even than those of his predecessor, for it was in the dock at the Westminster Police Court.

An Imperial Gift. The German Emperor may yet go down to fame by the pleasing sobriquet of "the Gift Giver." His Imperial Majesty is never happier than when engaged in the delightful occupation of choosing a suitable present for one whom he regards with affection. The latest recipient of his bounty is, however, a city, not a man or woman. Washington is henceforth to be beautified by a huge bronze statue of Frederick the Great.



THE MILLENNARY CELEBRATION AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES: AN EMBLEMATIC CAR IN THE PROCESSION.

Photograph by Denton and Co., Union Road, S.W.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Paris Coronation Knights. There is much speculation in English circles in Paris as to whom the King may delight to honour (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*).

Mr. Thomas Barclay, as President of the British Chamber of Commerce, did splendid service during the Exhibition year, and no man did more to throw oil on troubled waters when England, at the outset of the War, was being shamefully vilified by irresponsible prints. Mr. Barclay was at one time on the Paris staff of the *Times*. Mr. Robertson, the present President of the Chamber, is cited as another possible candidate, and it is regarded as within the realms of hazard that one English railway manager for the Continental service may not be forgotten by His Majesty. I refer to Captain Churchward.

Boer Roses. At the magnificent flower-show that occupies the Gardens of the Tuileries, I noticed many specimens of new grafts of roses bearing titles reminiscent of names and incidents in the Transvaal War. "Louis Botha" is a pure white, with drooping petals that suggest a chrysanthemum; "Boer Courage" is a flaming black-red; "Majuba" is a sulphurous yellow; "Reine Wilhelmine" is, appropriately, a delicate pink and white, while "Paul Kruger" is given to a large moss-rose of claret-colour.

Doggies' Paradise. The ultra-select Dogs' Show at the Orangerie loses enormously again this year by the absence of English competitors. The quarantine laws render an entry impossible, and, particularly in the collie, retriever, and terrier classes, the display is poor. As a recompense, the exhibition of toy-dogs is a positive dream of Doggiedom. Voltaire has stated that the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him; but I questioned the statement when I saw those solemn-looking flunkies whose sole duty it was to guard from caresses or prods pets smaller than a kitten, seated on a gorgeous cushion, and suffering palpably from overfeeding. Some of the boxes had been converted into positive imitation boudoirs; but the general aspect of these luxurious pets made you shudder at the certain cataclysm if only one determined rat turned up.

Waldeck-Rousseau. The retirement of the Premier surprises no one. When French history is written, his name will figure very prominently. He had the biggest practice at the French Bar, and his income was close on £20,000 a-year. The administration of the Lebaudy estates was alone a fortune. He came into power with the streets filled with cavalry and troops, and he leaves France in peace. Waldeck is a man to whom life is an outlived thing. At the theatre he looked on but took no interest; at the most gorgeous reception Vichy-water was substituted for champagne, and beyond drives in the Bois, extending over hours, he seemed to have no recreation. He has been called the French Beaconsfield, and to those who have seen, hour by hour, for the last three years what he did the title seemed not inappropriate.

Making Hay, &c. I met a man this afternoon ignorant of the English language, but of sufficient means to keep a steam-yacht, an automobile, and a brougham. He told me that he was going to London for the Coronation fêtes, and had signed conditions and paid over twenty pounds for three days. All had been happily brought about by an advertisement in a French journal. In a letter he showed me "a splendid and uninterrupted view" was assured from a house in Old Compton Street!

Weber Succeeds at Last. Pierre Weber is the most retiring of men in public life, and the gayest and most intransigent when he is all alone with his pen. He is a critic as well as playwright, and he nearly broke the heart of Marx at Cluny Theatre when he criticised one of his own (Weber's) plays. He carefully analysed it, and then apologised to actors, audience, and orchestra for having put them to the trouble to take part in a play that he considered ridiculous. But his "Loute" at the Nouveautés is the greatest "hit"

of the season. There is one long roar of laughter of the lightest and most effervescent kind. Loute is for six months of the year one of the most esteemed matrons in the Calvados department. There is a pretty similar state of affairs with all the married families in the district. But, under one excuse and another, they all get to Paris unknown to each other, and, taking assumed names, lead a very home-in-the-morning kind of life. When hazard brings them all face to face at the solemnity of a marriage-feast, the situation is indescribably funny. Cassive was better than ever as the Mome Crevelle in "La Dame de chez Maxim," but Germain did not strike me as being at his best. The success has decided the Nouveautés to remain open through the summer, which is a relief, considering that any chance of enjoying open-air performances seems as remote as ever.

"Monna Vanna." "Monna Vanna," by Maeterlinck, was brought out at the Nouveau Theatre. It is probably one of the most poignant dramas seen in Paris for years and well worthy of the Comédie-Française. But the Nouveau Theatre is impossible. It is a mere annexe of the Casino Music-Hall and divided off by curtains, and nothing more jarring than the noise wafted in at the most psychological moments can be imagined. It may be briefly described as a very dramatic and tragic version in Florentine history of the story of Lady Godiva. The acting calls for no comment and the mounting was very poor.

The President in Russia. It is idle to deny that the visit of President Loubet to Russia lacked the scenic effect that appeals so much to the French. For weeks before the visit of Félix Faure, who could stage-manage himself better than any other President that ever lived, there were columns about the drollies for the Princess Olga that would play the "Marseillaise" and the Russian National Anthem when a button was pressed. Half of the garrison of Paris was called out to line the streets. Loubet went off as quietly and unobtrusively as the ordinary commercial traveller, and came back in the same consistently democratic fashion. It was true to professed Republican ideas, but the Parisian prefers the circus side.

The Dress-Suit. I was favoured by an invitation to the banquet of the Clayworkers' Association of England, with their French Ceramique friends, at the Hôtel Palais D'Orsay. One millionaire proprietor of a Northern pottery was decidedly amusing. He said that, when he read that evening-out to his wife that he had never owned that garb in his life. She persisted in his ordering it, and "This is the result," he said, in a strong Yorkshire accent, as he gazed at the shirt-front spread with a suspicious eye and then buttoned up his coat.

Mdlle. Garden. Mdlle. Garden is the leading soprano at the Opéra-Comique, Paris. She will create the rôle of Princess Osra in Mr. Herbert Bunning's opera to be produced during the season at Covent Garden.

"Rien à Déclarer." Travellers to the Continent have always been puzzled to know how much tobacco they may lawfully take across the Channel with them to stave off having to fall back on the abominations which do duty for tobacco in France and Germany. Horrible tales of confiscation and fines have quite counterbalanced the somewhat apocryphal stories of clever smuggling feats in the mouths of travellers, but now the French Customs officials have kindly let us know how much of the real thing we may carry into that régime-controlled land. An official intimation to the Board of Trade informs us that we may introduce thirty cigars, or fifty cigarettes, or three and a-half ounces of tobacco, free of duty, but that all excess of these quantities must be paid for. It is little enough, but, at any rate, it is a comfort to know the exact amounts, which hitherto have been regulated only by the size of the tip to the *douanier*.



MDLLE. GARDEN, WHO WILL CREATE THE RÔLE OF PRINCESS OSRA IN MR. HERBERT BUNNING'S OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

LONDON'S CORONATION DRESS:

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL STANDS ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE PROCESSION.



ADMIRALTY STAND, ST. JAMES'S PARK, TO SEAT 1000 PEOPLE.



CONSTITUTION HILL STAND, ONE-THIRD OF A MILE IN LENGTH.



CHARING CROSS STAND, TO SEAT 2000 PEOPLE.



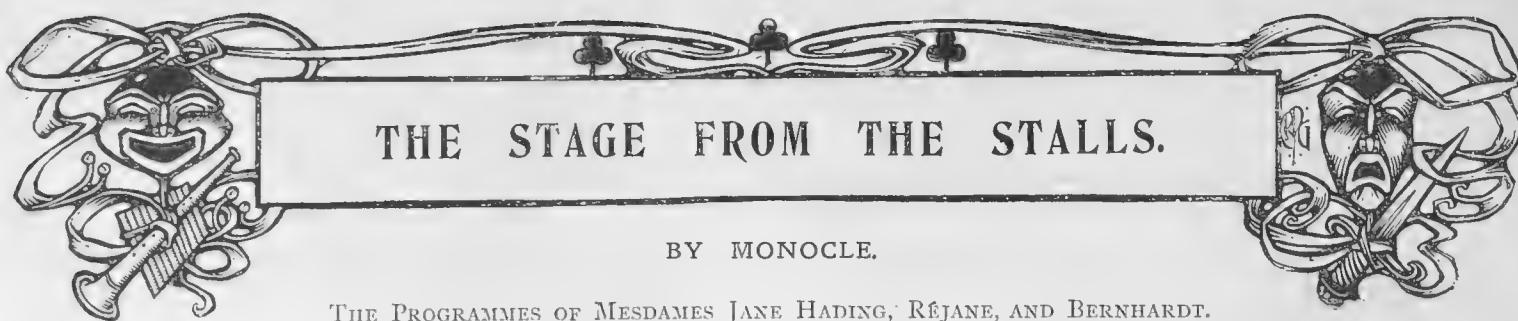
SOUTH SIDE OF ST. PAUL'S, TO SEAT 2000 PEOPLE.



LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL STAND, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, TO SEAT 1500 PEOPLE.



THIS SHOWS HOW THE ABBEY IS HIDDEN BY A HUGE STAND.



BY MONOCLE.

THE PROGRAMMES OF MESDAMES JANE HADING, RÉJANE, AND BERNHARDT.

AT the little country inn where I am resting and gathering strength for the coming bout of first-nights, we have a young man who shares none of our simple sports, but spends his time walking up and down the lanes, contemptuous of the beauty of the spring flowers which, foolishly confident in the calendar, are showing their pretty faces, and as he walks you may hear him murmuring, "J'aime, tu aime, il aime," &c., to the end of the conjugation. You would think he is a lover—and this is the case—yet his love is no woman, but, in truth, the Muse of Drama, and he is preparing for the invasion of the French players. It was late in life ere he visited a playhouse, trembling at his wickedness, and became stagestruck. Now, he is the rare bird we write of scornfully, the earnest student of the drama, and he has never seen Bernhardt, Réjane, or Jane Hading. Since his education was somewhat neglected, he is working up his French and studying the one verb of importance, so far as our stage is concerned, and he hopes, by means of his "parlez voo Français" knowledge and the visit of these famous actresses, to get a knowledge of French drama, acting, and life, and many poignant gusts of emotion into the bargain. Of really modern French drama he will learn little, of the best French acting not very much, of true French life next to nothing. The plays advertised are chiefly caricatures of life in Paris, and Paris life is a caricature of French life. The acting will be on the "star" system; in fact, few of the announcements in the papers or the private communications sent to the critics for publication condescend to mention the names of any performer save the leading lady. "Zaza" and "Maud" are the only plays written recently which appear in the lists, unless one counts "Francesca da Rimini," by Marion Crawford, and certainly "Zaza" is not modern French drama—if drama at all—but merely one of the garish pieces the success of which is regrettable, one of what you may call the international plays, worked on a model which renders them suitable or unsuitable for every sensational "star" actress, and as truthful and artistic in English, German, Italian, or American as in French. "Maud" is but a dramatic version of "Les Demi-Vierges," a novel by Marcel Prevost, which enjoyed a *succès de scandale* by its picture of the supposed appalling degeneration of the French *jeune fille*, who, nevertheless, to this day, save in the small set in Paris which misrepresents France to the universe, is not allowed to read the daily papers or permitted to visit more than two or three of the theatres, and even those only on the "dull" nights.

It is instructive to look at the programmes of our visitors: in passing, I offer up a word of gratitude at the absence from them of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "Madame Sans-Gêne." Madame Jane Hading begins at the Coronet Theatre with "Le Maître de Forges," which, of course, is an old story, even if my earnest student of drama saw neither of the English versions, concerning which there was a pretty quarrel in our theatres some years ago, when a Buchanan adaptation and also a Pinero treatment happened to be in the field, or rather, on the stage. Georges Ohnet's novel, even with the pretentious title of "Les Batailles de la Vie," has always been treated unkindly by the Paris critics, and damned with the French equivalent term for *Family Herald*. Her third piece, "Frou-Frou," is quite as out-of-date as the rustling of glacé silk under-skirts, which, however, is still audible on Sunday in our village, whither news of *la mode* travels slowly. Yet, though old in style and betwixt and between in its relation to manners, the play lives by its remarkable theatricality. I can remember weeping over it when I wore an Eton jacket, and, if it be finely played, may weep over it again now, though I have ceased to wear back-hair. It has one great element of interest: it is a kind of French anticipation of Ibsen's play, "A Doll's House." Poor Gilberte is a case of killed with kindness, of a Copperfield child-wife, of a Gallic Nora, a butterfly, or, to follow the fable, a grasshopper anxious to be an ant and permitted only to be a grasshopper. One can never forget some of the scenes, notably the one between the two sisters, when the Mary suddenly attacks the Martha, who, in her turn, is roused to forgetfulness of her duty and sometimes acts the leading lady off the stage; but the Louise is not permitted to play her part against Gilberte to the full in "star" Companies—such, alas, is the baleful effect of the system!

After all, however, the battle will rage round Réjane and Bernhardt, for certainly, however great her gifts, Madame Hading has not the genius or vogue of these ladies. Réjane is to give "Zaza," in which we have seen Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mrs. Lewis Waller, neither of whom, of course, are in the same class. In presenting it she has the advantage of offering a piece so well known that many will understand it without a book. There will be no need for the rustling of pages in the theatre, which reminds the journalist of the stirring of the leaves of Vallambrosa and fidgets the actress, who notes that half the house

is looking at the book of the play and not at her. "Ma Cousine" has already been given by her in London without the "chahut" with which Réjane staggered and delighted the little *tout-Paris* and won success for the curious comedy. To the critic, the interest in the play and performance lies in the daring technique during the first Act, played by the actress without rising from the sofa. There may be a little of the tight-rope walking style of art in this exhibition of technical skill, and it does not appeal to the many, but is of vast interest to the curious few. Personally, whilst perceiving the danger of the cult of technique, which has wrought mischief in many branches of art, and, so some say, brought about the decadence and even death of Gothic architecture, I can always take great interest in such a display of executive skill. The casual playgoer does not appreciate it, because he does not notice what is the task attempted, if it be truly accomplished; indeed, for him partial failure is the only true triumph, since in that case only is he conscious of the nature of the feat undertaken. "The public applauds my showy, easy tricks," said a tumbler once sadly to me; "but only those of my craft admire my best work, and I would sooner have a word of praise from one who knows the meaning of the term 'risky business' than the shouts of the crowd." But there would be less money in it," he added, sorrowfully. Réjane stands pre-eminent in technical skill, like our Mrs. Kendal among English artists. Réjane, however, though the critical decm her the greater actress, has hardly such a name to conjure with as Bernhardt, who, even if past her prime as artist, has imposed herself so triumphantly on the theatrical world as woman as to be undethronable. I believe that she is entirely sincere in her work; nevertheless, if she had been the most iniquitous of charlatans, she could not have shown more amazing powers of self-advertisement. Yet Duse, by a quieter, more subtle method, has run her close in this.

No actress shows more painfully the effect of the "star" system than the divine Sarah; in saying this, I do not refer to the fact that in her Company she is always *Eclipse* first and the rest nowhere. But the constant acting before people who do not understand her tongue, and on whom subtlety of effect is as useless as a pea-shooter against an ironclad, has caused her to double-dot every "i" and treble-cross each "t," till her work generally consists of violent passages of exaggerated light and shade, separated—or rather, linked—by stretches of reposeful chanting in which all fine shades are ignored. Nevertheless, her genius and amazing physical gifts are indisputable, whilst her personal charm defies the attacks of time as successfully as if she were the Cleopatra whom she did not present quite triumphantly. Her first pieces are the "Francesca da Rimini," the truth concerning which you cannot gather from the French papers, and "Hamlet." You will notice that it is Francesca and not Paolo, though the man should be the chief feature of the drama, but must be subordinated because the play is written for the actress. It is a curious fact that in drama the "ready-made" works are preferable to the "bespoke." The "Hamlet" is quite inexcusable. It shows vividly how bad for the drama is the "star" and the actor- or actress-management system, which leads people to visit the theatre to see the player, not the play. No one will go to see "Hamlet," but Bernhardt as Hamlet, and Shakspere will take the second place, with the French translator quite out of the running. Of course, a great many people in ordinary life go to the theatre for the acting, not the pièce. This or that actor or actress, and not such and such a Management, has a "following," and the drama is regarded as a vehicle for the players, who are not looked upon as a mere means of presenting a play. Consequently, "Magda," which is in the present Bernhardt répertoire, although in essence a curiously narrow local drama of no great merit, is played by nearly all the "stars"; it gives them big scenes, and they care for nothing else, and the public goes to see the big scenes. Indeed, there is a curious resemblance between the attitude of the audience towards the "star" play and that of our fathers at the Italian Opera. The big scenes represent the well-known airs and arias to which people listened; the passages in between are treated as if they were the arid recitatives, and the playgoers regret that etiquette does not permit them to talk during these. Yet, two of the three ladies are really great actresses, and the third may be, whilst her claim to be considered interesting and accomplished cannot be denied. My earnest student of drama should pick out "Ma Cousine," which, however, even with the book, he will hardly understand; "Zaza," on account of its scene of tearing passion; "La Princesse de Bagdad," "Francesca da Rimini," and "La Dame aux Camélias"—most pernicious triumph of theatricality—if he has not seen it already, and "Phèdre," a really great tragedy. Moreover, curiosity as to style should induce him to see "Frou-Frou" at both the houses.

MADAME JANE HADING

IN SOME OF THE FAMOUS PLAYS THAT SHE IS PRESENTING AT THE CORONET THEATRE.



AS MADAME DE SEPTMONT IN "L'ÉTRANGÈRE."



IN "MAUD."



AS CLAIRE DE BEAUHIEU IN "LE MAÎTRE DE FORGES."



AS LIONNETTE DE HUN IN "LA PRINCESSE DE BAGDAD."

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

III.—V. HADDON HALL, GWYDYL CASTLE, STOKE POGIS MANOR HOUSE.

HADDON HALL can scarcely be called a "beautiful home," as, in spite of the fact that it is of world-wide fame, it is very rarely inhabited. Belvoir Castle has long been the real country home of the reigning Duke of Rutland and his family. Still, there is no reason why Haddon Hall should not be inhabited, for it is one of the finest remaining specimens of baronial dwellings in the kingdom, the mass of picturesque buildings being exquisitely situated on the banks of the Wye, near Bakewell.

As is the case with Belvoir Castle, Haddon Hall is full of historical associations, William I. having given the estate to his son, "Peveril of the Peak," who there built the first Norman house in England. In the reign of Henry II., the Avenells came into possession, but the Hall as the world now knows it is of later date, probably the most ancient portion, the tower over the gateway, dating from the days of Edward III., while the noble Gallery was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a time when Haddon Hall had already been for a long time the property of the Vernon family, from whom it passed away through the secret marriage of Dorothy Vernon to Sir John Manners, an ancestor of the present Duke of Rutland. Visitors

The house is surrounded by some fine gardens, laid out in terraces, and each having a stone balustrade. The attention of visitors is always specially drawn to the terrace and steps which saw the flight of Dorothy Vernon. Till a hundred years ago, the Duke of Rutland spent most of each year at Haddon Hall, and his indoor servants numbered nearly two hundred. Hospitality on a great scale reigned supreme, and during the twelve days that followed each Christmas all and sundry were entertained.

Another ducal home, which now, however, belongs to Lord Carrington, is Gwydyr Castle, at one time the property of the Dukes of Ancaster. The Castle is one of the oldest of Welsh strongholds, and remains almost exactly as it was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but since they entered into possession Lord and Lady Carrington, who are both very fond of art and who are true connoisseurs, have done much to improve the living-rooms of their Welsh home, while carefully preserving every characteristic which makes Gwydyr Castle one of the most remarkable inhabited houses in the kingdom. The name "Gwydyr" is derived from Guy (water) and Tir (land). The extensive buildings which compose the Castle



MANOR HOUSE, STOKE POGIS, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF WILLIAM PENN.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

naturally turn with special interest to the Great Hall, a splendid apartment which has been carefully kept in almost exactly the same condition as when it was used as the dining-room by the whole household—indeed, there still remains at the upper end the raised floor, or daïs, where the Lord of the Manor and his principal guests sat at their ease while their retainers scrambled for their food in the main body of the hall. The Long Gallery, to which reference has already been made, is a hundred and ten feet in length and seventeen feet wide. The flooring is said to have been cut out of a single tree which grew in the park. Of extraordinary interest to the antiquarian is the wainscoting, also of oak, marvellously carved in friezes of boars' heads, thistles and roses, coats-of-arms, and other heraldic devices.

Of late, attention has been again called to the marvels of Haddon Hall by the statement that the Duchess of Rutland had made there a visit of inspection, especially with a view to inquiring into the condition of the Gobelins tapestry, which is of unique value because of its curious style, much of it having been woven in small pieces, afterwards sewn together. The Duchess, who found most of the tapestry in very bad condition, placed the work of restoration in the hands of a lady who has long made tapestry her special study. The results obtained were most remarkable, and now the tapestry of Haddon Hall is particularly worthy of a visit. Even two hundred years ago a contemporary account states that all the principal rooms were hung with loose arras, every door being concealed behind the hangings, so that the tapestry had to be lifted up to pass in and out.

are irregular, and form an outer and an inner court. The rooms contain some very fine carving, and at the present moment Lord and Lady Carrington's visitors are especially interested in the Coronation Chairs of George II. and Queen Caroline, which are carefully preserved there, as well as one of the Woolsacks which has done duty in the House of Lords. As Duke and Duchess of York, the Prince and Princess of Wales visited Gwydyr Castle and enjoyed many excursions in the fine neighbouring country, noted, by the way, for the Oaks of Gwydyr.

Utterly different in character and associations is yet another beautiful and historic country mansion, Stoke Pogis Manor House. Within a short distance of both London and Windsor, Stoke Pogis has been, and still is, the scene of innumerable pilgrimages from those to whom the quaint village and lonely old church is specially dear as having inspired Gray's "Elegy." Probably few of those who linger in the historic churchyard and gaze on the poet's monument are aware that Stoke Pogis possesses an even greater claim to interest as having been the ancestral home of William Penn. The founder of Pennsylvania lived in the Manor House, the curious and mediæval character of which building led Gray to place there the opening of his long descriptive poem, the "Long Story."

The fact that Queen Elizabeth paid more than one visit to the Manor House of Stoke Pogis adds another touch of interest to what is undoubtedly the most picturesque of the many fine old houses in the vicinity of Windsor.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



GWYDYL CASTLE, THE WELSH SEAT OF LORD CARRINGTON.

HADDON HALL, ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.
Photographs by H. N. King, London.



MADAME RÉJANE,

THE GREAT FRENCH ACTRESS NOW APPEARING AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE AS "ZAZA."

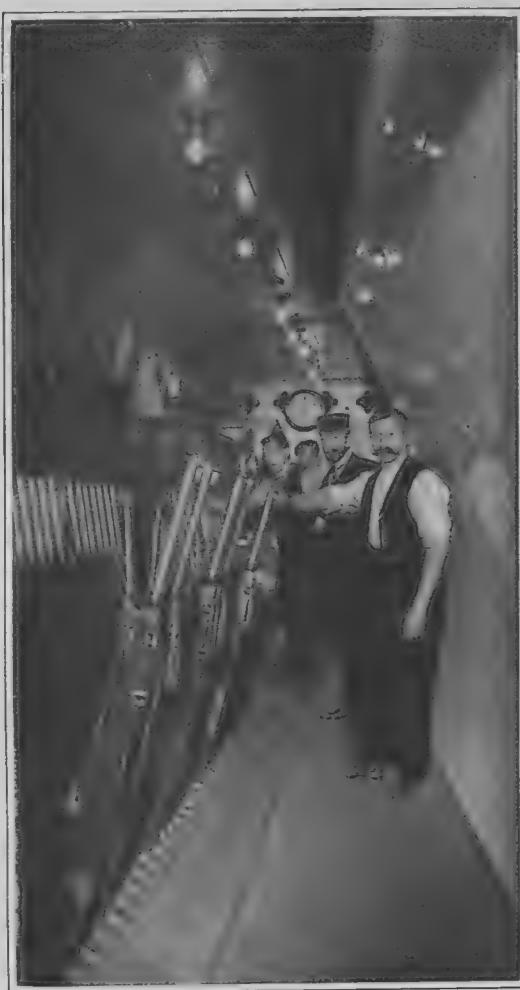
Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA,
THE CHARMING GAIETY ACTRESS WHO IS STILL STARRING IN AUSTRALIA.
Photograph by Vandyck, Melbourne.

BEHIND THE SCENES ON THE "TUPPENNY TUBE."

LET the happy Londoner who owns that most interesting possession known as the country cousin ask, "What would you like to see first?" when that country cousin comes to town, and the answer in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred is sure to come pat, "The 'Tuppenny Tube.'" The "Tuppenny Tube," indeed, has, as a sight, usurped the attractions of Madame Tussauds, of Westminster Abbey before it was closed to the public to be prepared for the King's Coronation, even of St. Paul's itself and the Houses of Parliament. It has certainly been for nearly two years the newest of London's many wonders. Indeed, the claim has been made for it that it is the most important enterprise of its kind, not only in London and Great Britain, but in the world. As only itself can be its parallel, a Bill is to be brought into Parliament to extend it in a direction almost exactly parallel with itself along the south, so that Shepherd's Bush may be joined to the Bank by another line that will tap Kensington, Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, and the Strand.



THE SIGNAL-BOX AT NOTTING HILL GATE STATION.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

This will, in fact, make a Central London Railway within the Inner Circle of the Metropolitan Line. Successful as the "Tuppenny Tube" has been, the new line is likely to be more successful still, for it will draw its passengers from a course of traffic which is considerably greater than that from which it derives its patrons at present. How great is the traffic may be judged from the fact that already the number carried has exceeded sixty-five millions, or, to put it another way, every man, woman, and child in London has made ten journeys on it. At present the daily average of passengers is about 130,000, but the day which stands forth conspicuously in the traffic returns has over 100,000 more people to its credit. This was "C.I.V. Day," when no fewer than 235,000 men, women, and children were carried, and it is followed by the day of Queen Victoria's funeral, when 220,000 passengers used the "Tube."

The first train leaves Shepherd's Bush at five o'clock in the morning, and the last at midnight, returning at one o'clock, so that there are only four hours during which there is no service on the line. During this time all the carriages are inspected, so are the tunnels, and everything is thoroughly overhauled, so that every precaution is taken to ensure the safety of the passengers. During the twenty hours no fewer than 333 trains run each way, making a total of 666 a-day. Each train consists of an engine (which weighs forty tons) and seven cars, and each car is capable of seating forty-eight passengers, so that a full train carries 336 people sitting down. As, however, the carriages are built on the American plan, and provision is made for a large number of people to travel standing up, supporting themselves by means of straps fixed to a bar placed near the ceiling, a much larger number can be carried daily than the quarter-of-a-million

in the seats. Travelling on the "Tube" is eminently comfortable. This is secured not only by the special device of the seats being placed longitudinally, but by the rails having the unusual weight of nearly a hundredweight per yard. Similarly, the comfort of passengers is secured in other ways by the excellence of the lighting, so that one may read with as much ease as in daylight. Although the greatest care has been taken to ensure proper ventilation, the Company has not been content to leave well alone. At the present time, a large ventilating-fan has been put in at Bond Street Station to purify the atmosphere, though the use of electricity as the motive-power removes the discomforts of smoke and foul air which are so seriously objected to by those who travel by the older underground railways.

Bond Street was selected for the situation of the fan, in part at least, because it is the middle station on the line, which numbers thirteen stations. These are by no means placed either at equal distances apart or at the same level beneath the surface of the street. They vary from 1288 yards to 624 yards apart, while at Notting Hill Gate the line is 92 feet below the surface, though at Shepherd's Bush and Chancery Lane it is only 41 feet. The reason for this is that the surface of the street rises gradually from Shepherd's Bush to Notting Hill Gate, and falls again on the way to the City. The trains do not run on the same level all the way, for each station is on a peak, as it is called. In other words, the highest points of the line are at the stations themselves. In this way, the train goes down an incline on leaving the station, thus gathering a certain impetus by the descent. The momentum enables it to rise as it approaches the next station, and in this way the electrical current is conserved.

To generate the necessary amount of electricity required, from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty tons of coal are used every day at the generating station at Shepherd's Bush, which covers an area of twenty acres and is said to be the best-arranged and best-equipped dépôt of its kind in the world. The engine-house is 200 feet long by 87 feet wide, and contains six engines of 1300 horse-power each. There are also six generators and six exciter- and lighting-engines, as well as two feed-pumps; while in the boiler-house, which is 148 feet long by 87 feet wide, there are sixteen boilers, all equipped with mechanical stokers which are supplied with coal by mechanical means.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that it is impossible to award the credit for the scheme which has resulted in the "Tuppenny Tube" to any one man. Sir Ernest Cassel, however, is generally regarded as the father of the enterprise, and he certainly had a great hand in facilitating the inauguration and the completion of the railway, which is used by some of the richest as well as the poorest members of the community. While workmen use it largely in the morning, later in the day men like Lord Rothschild and Lord Revelstoke frequently travel by it, and, though it may not have been noticed so far, it is by no means improbable that a labourer earning a pound or two a-week may sit in the next seat to one of these millionaires, for a workman's ticket, though issued before half-past seven in the morning, is available for return at any time in the day, the two journeys costing only the price of a single ticket and being available for the whole distance of six miles covered by the "Tube."



THE ENGINE-SHED AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

BEHIND THE SCENES ON THE "TUPPENNY TUBE."



THE INTERIOR OF THE ENGINE-SHED.



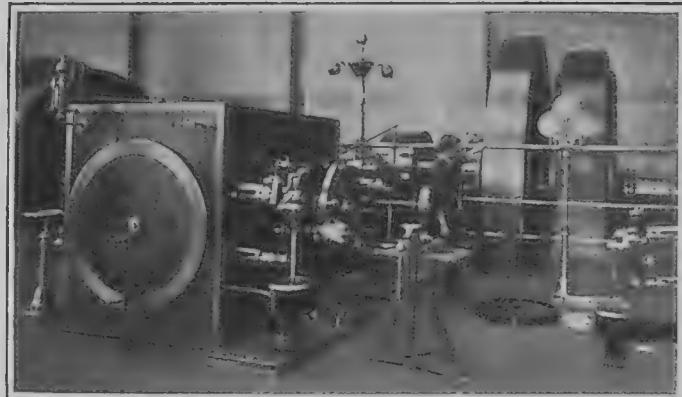
ONE OF THE ENGINES AT THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH WORKS.



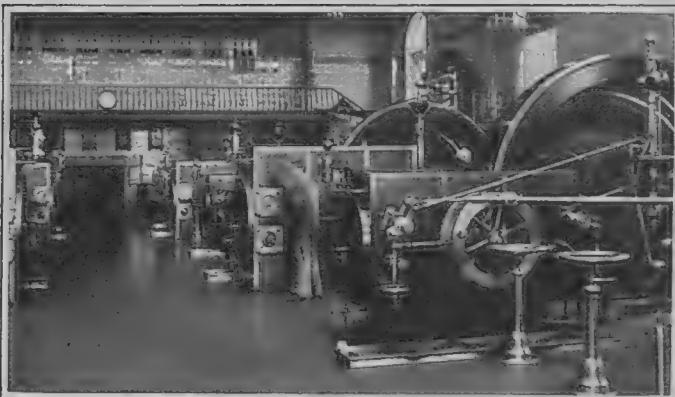
THE CARRIAGE-REPAIRING SHED.



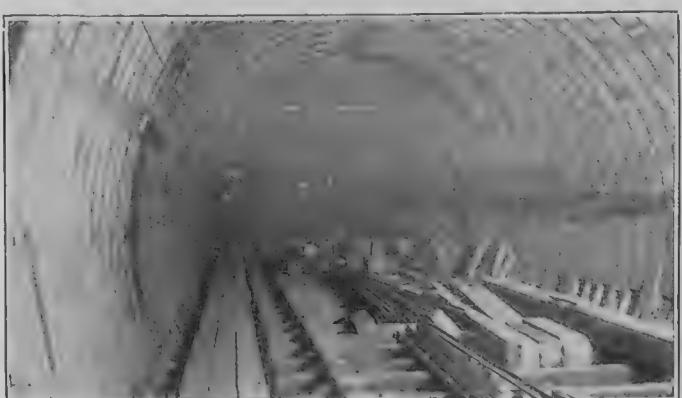
THE ONLY DAYLIGHT SIGNAL-BOX ON THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.



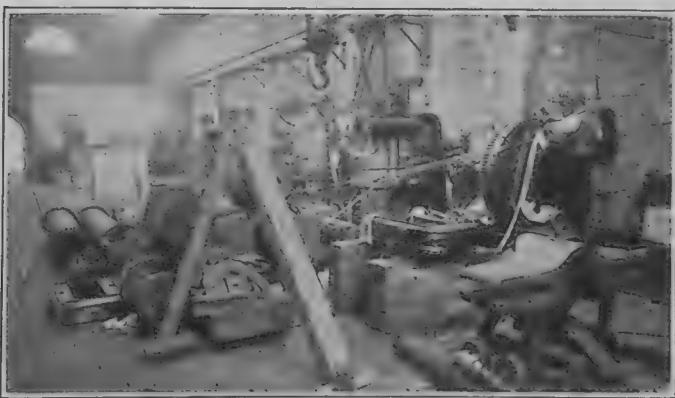
HALF OF ONE OF THE ENGINES AND ONE OF THE IMMENSE 500 HORSE-POWER DYNAMOS.



A PORTION OF THE ENGINE-ROOM AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH.



HOW THE INTERIOR OF THE TUBE LOOKED WHEN BUILDING.



WINDING THE MAGNETS FOR THE ENGINES.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

DICKENS still holds the premier position in popular favour, and a new edition of his works seems one of the safest of publishing enterprises. I hear that there is to appear shortly an issue, to be known as "The Biographical Edition," which will contain new prefaces to each novel, dealing with the circumstances under which it was written, the originals of the characters and places, &c.

Mr. George W. Cable's new novel, "Bylow Hill," will be issued in the autumn by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is the first "Northern" novel by the author of "The Grandissimes."

Some very interesting letters are published in Mr. Adrian Joline's "Meditations of an Autograph Collector." If I am not mistaken, some of these are quite new. A letter penned by Laurence Sterne on the eve of his visit to France which gave rise to the "Sentimental Journey" is much prized by Mr. Joline. Sterne writes to David Garrick—

DEAR GARRICK,—Upon reviewing my finances this morning with some unforeseen expences—I find I should set out with 20 pd's less—than a prudent man ought—will you lend me twenty pounds?—Yrs.,
L. STERNE.

Another of Mr. Joline's treasures is a letter from Keats, written from Hampstead on June 4, 1818, to the "Misses M. and S. Jeffrey," of Teignmouth, from which place the poet has just returned—

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I will not pretend to string a list of excuses together for not having written before, but must at once confess the indolence of my disposition, which makes a letter more formidable than a Pilgrimage.

I am a fool in delay, for the idea of neglect is an Everlasting Knapsack which even now I have scarce power to hoist off! By-the-bye, talking of Everlasting Knapsacks, I intend to make my fortune by them in case of a war (which you must, consequently, pray for), by contracting with Government for said materials, to the economy of one branch of the Revenue. . . . Oh, there's nothing like a pinch of snuff, except, perhaps, a few trifles almost beneath a philosopher's dignity, such as a ripe peach or a kiss that takes on a lease of ninety-one minutes on a billing lease. . . . I wish you were here a little while; but, lawk! we haven't got any female friend in the house. Tom is taken for a madman, and I, being somewhat stunted, am taken for nothing. We lounge on the walk opposite, as you might in the Den. I hope the fine season will keep up your mother's spirits—she was used to be too much down-hearted. No woman ought to be born into the world, for they may not touch the bottle, for shame. Now, a man may creep into the bung-hole—however, this is a tale of a tub—however, I like to play upon a pipe, sitting upon a puncheon, and intend to be so drawn on the frontispiece in my next book of Pastorals. . . . My brother's respects and mine to your Mother, and all our Loves to you.—Yours very sincerely,

JOHN KEATS.

Here is another curious note from Kipling—

April 2, 1896.

SIR,—I've received yourn o' the 28th March and the pamphlick likewise, an' am ighly pleased to think you as an ex-jolly consider my verses suitable an' instructive to the core, for which I've always 'ad an' ever shall 'old the 'ighest respect. At the same time I takes my pen to deny emphatic, same as Peter, that ever I spoke even quasi-contemphus of the core in anything I ever done; an' the Boston paper don't know anything about it. When I alluded to them as "bleached," I meant them as swings their 'ammicks on the lower deck under the electicks which makes 'em pale an' like fish-bellies—same as torpedo men and engine-room artificer. This is my explantion an' affidavit an' I am, Most respectful yours to command,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

To anyone in search of a really uncommon book, let me recommend Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "The Path to Rome." Mr. Belloc is altogether a remarkable young man. There is something very near genius in his historical works on Danton and Robespierre, and in this new volume of travel-sketches there is a touch and temper strangely reminiscent at times of "R. L. S." One hesitates to compare "The Path to Rome" with "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," but I think I can promise that if you enjoy the one you will find a fund of pleasure in the other.

Miss A. C. Laut, whose "Lords of the North" was one of the best volumes of Mr. Heinemann's "Dollar Library," has written a new novel, "Heralds of Empire," a story of the fur trade in the far North-West.

O. O.

BOOKS AND JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

BEFORE the appearance of the June "Books and Jottings" all the details of the Coronation celebrations will be completed, and it will only be for the pageant to pass, and then to be numbered with those events which make our history. In the past few months many books have been issued upon past Coronations and the coming one, in all some thirty to forty volumes, dealing with the religious as well as the social side of the ceremony. These range from the elaborate work on

"ENGLISH CORONATION RECORDS," EDITED BY L. G. W. LEGG, (CONSTABLE AND CO.),

which is full of research and erudition, to the very tastefully produced "Coronation Picture-Book," by John Hassall, and "The Bairns Coronation Book" (J. M. Dent and Co.).

The world of literature has during the past month sustained a great loss through the death of Bret Harte. He was not a voluminous writer, but a steady producer, some forty volumes standing to his credit. In his most recent volume, "On the Old Trail" (C. A. Pearson and Co.), we get further particulars of our old friends Jack Hamlin and Colonel Starbottle, and, although the volume consists of short sketches, they are exceedingly entertaining. In compiling

"THE EPISTLES OF ATKINS," BY JAMES MILNE (T. FISHER UNWIN), another book has been added to the literature of the War. Mr. Milne states that the volume is intended to throw "some lights on human nature in the ordeal of war, which illumine the letters of the common soldier, written from South Africa to his people at home, and an answer to the question, 'How does it feel to be in battle?'"

The volume shows great discernment and industry. Another War book is "With the Naval Brigade in Natal," by Lieutenant Burne, R.N. (E. Arnold). This is a journal of personal experience while in command in South Africa, and gives some idea of the work done by the Naval Brigade during a most critical period of the War. The book is well illustrated.

In Fiction there has been quantity rather than quality. Among the most important is "The Valley of Decision," by E. Wharton (J. Murray).

Although a very long novel, the reader will be interested from the beginning to the end. The scene of the story is Italy during the eighteenth century, and many whose names are well known play a part in the story, which in elaboration and style is all that could be desired.

"MY LORD WINCHENDEN," BY GRAHAM HOPE (SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.),

is a novel of the period of Charles II., when the King had come to his own again. It opens with the rescue by Lord Winchenden of two Puritan girls, who were attacked when returning from "the barn-like conventicle," and, after many adventures, love conquers all. The book is vigorously written and the characters are well drawn.

NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO MR. GLADSTONE.

In a short time the national memorial to the late Mr. Gladstone (St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden) will be opened. The building is already complete, but as yet the books which form the library have not been placed in their new positions. They are still in the old St. Deiniol's, which was instituted by Mr. Gladstone. The new library is a very fine stone building, designed in the Gothic style by Messrs. Douglas and Minshull, of Chester. In the interior it has two large halls, divided by a corridor, with studies and rooms for the Wardens, the whole of the fittings being in carved oak. The site has been very well chosen, for the memorial building is placed close to the parish church, on the top of a slight eminence which overlooks some most beautiful country. Close by is the Hostel, where students making a course of studies are provided with comfortable apartments.



THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO MR. GLADSTONE: ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY, HAWARDEN.

SOME LEADERS OF IRISH SOCIETY.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")

A.G.



COUNTESS CADOGAN.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

SOME LEADERS OF IRISH SOCIETY.



MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

SOME LEADERS OF IRISH SOCIETY.



COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

SOME LEADERS OF IRISH SOCIETY.



LADY MOYRA CAVENDISH.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



"ALL THE RUSSIAS."

THIS is the title of a highly interesting and important book by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P. "All the Russias" (Heinemann) deals with subjects which in themselves are interesting and important, but which are more interesting and important to Englishmen than to any other people (save, perhaps, the Japanese), because, for two or three generations at any rate, the fear, the idea of Russia and of the expansion of Russia, have been prime factors in the foreign policy of England, affecting it now in this way, now in that. Mr. Norman dwells particularly on those features of Russian contemporary high politics with which England is most concerned—the expansion of Russia in the Far East, in Central Asia, in Persia; and, whether one is disposed to agree with his conclusions or not, these, it must be said, are presented in such a manner as to command attention.

The present volume, he tells us, is the outcome of fifteen years' interest in Russian affairs, culminating in four journeys—one of nearly twenty thousand miles—in European and Asiatic Russia. In the course of these, besides a residence of some time in St. Petersburg and visits to the principal cities, he travelled in Finland, in Siberia as far as Lake Baikal, in the Caucasus, and in Central Asia as far as the frontier of Kashgar. "My own modest aim has been to present," writes Mr. Norman, "a picture of the aspects of contemporary Russia of most interest to foreign readers, with special reference to the recent remarkable industrial and commercial development of Russia, and the possibility of closer commercial and political relations between Russia and Great Britain."

Mr. Norman has so arranged his material as to bring under the consideration of his readers what he describes as the six great divisions

with the British Empire in the time to come. Mr. Norman is inclined to be somewhat of a Russophil—

There remains the last and greatest of Russia's foreign relationships. England—what of this long-existent and traditional rivalry? Is not mutual enmity rooted in the hearts of both peoples? Do not their statesmen take this nightmare of predestined war to bed with them every night, and wake every morning to find it wide-eyed upon their pillows? Has not a library of books been written in both languages to show to demonstration that Briton and Muscovite must inevitably come to the death-grip? . . . I have long held and advocated a contrary opinion, and, now that I have seen much more of Russia, that opinion has been confirmed almost to the point of certainty. I am profoundly convinced that a good and lasting understanding between the two nations is not only desirable above all things, but is also well within the range of possibility. . . . At any rate, the greatest personal forces in Russia are on the side of such a policy. . . . I assert this as a fact within my own knowledge.

I merely state what attitude Mr. Norman takes in this very serious question; it is not within my province to enter in these articles into any debate on political subjects, but it seems to me that he insists too much on the strength (see page 450) of Russia and too little on certain forces making for disintegration (see page 453), or, at least, weakness within herself.

Having given a rapid survey of the scope of Mr. Norman's book, I turn with a great deal of pleasure to the literary side of the work. And here there is room for nothing but praise. In the hands of so competent and experienced an author as Mr. Norman, each and every point of his matter, as was to be expected, is put with ability—with a quite unusual combination, so far as books of this kind are concerned, of picturesqueness and force. The whole subject evidently was congenial to him. The great northern empire spread itself out before him like a gigantic panorama, full of colour, of contrast, of movement, of suggestion, and the book is a vivid, impressionist picture reflecting these elements with admirable effect. Perhaps the best chapters are



THE TOP OF THE URALS: THE WATER-PARTING BETWEEN EUROPE AND ASIA.

Reproduced by permission from "All the Russias." (Heinemann.)

of interest in contemporary Russia: the life of her two capitals (Petersburg and Moscow), her vast Siberian territory and its great railway, the people and the problems of the multifarious Caucasus, her new and successful Empire of Central Asia, with its present and prospective railway system, her dependency of Finland, and the career and policy of the man who, under the Czar, chiefly directs her development, M. de Witte. Thereafter, he proceeds to discuss the question of the future of Russia and, more especially, its relations

those on the Caucasus and Central Asia—that Central Asia which was the birthplace of the race, and which is still the home of all we regard as specially belonging to the Immortal East; certainly, one can see that it made a special appeal to Mr. Norman. The greater part, then, of the non-political side of the book consists in brilliant descriptions; they are interspersed here and there with "little stories."

It only remains to be said that the book is well illustrated and capitally "got up."

ROBERT MACHRAY.

SHAKSPERE ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MAY.

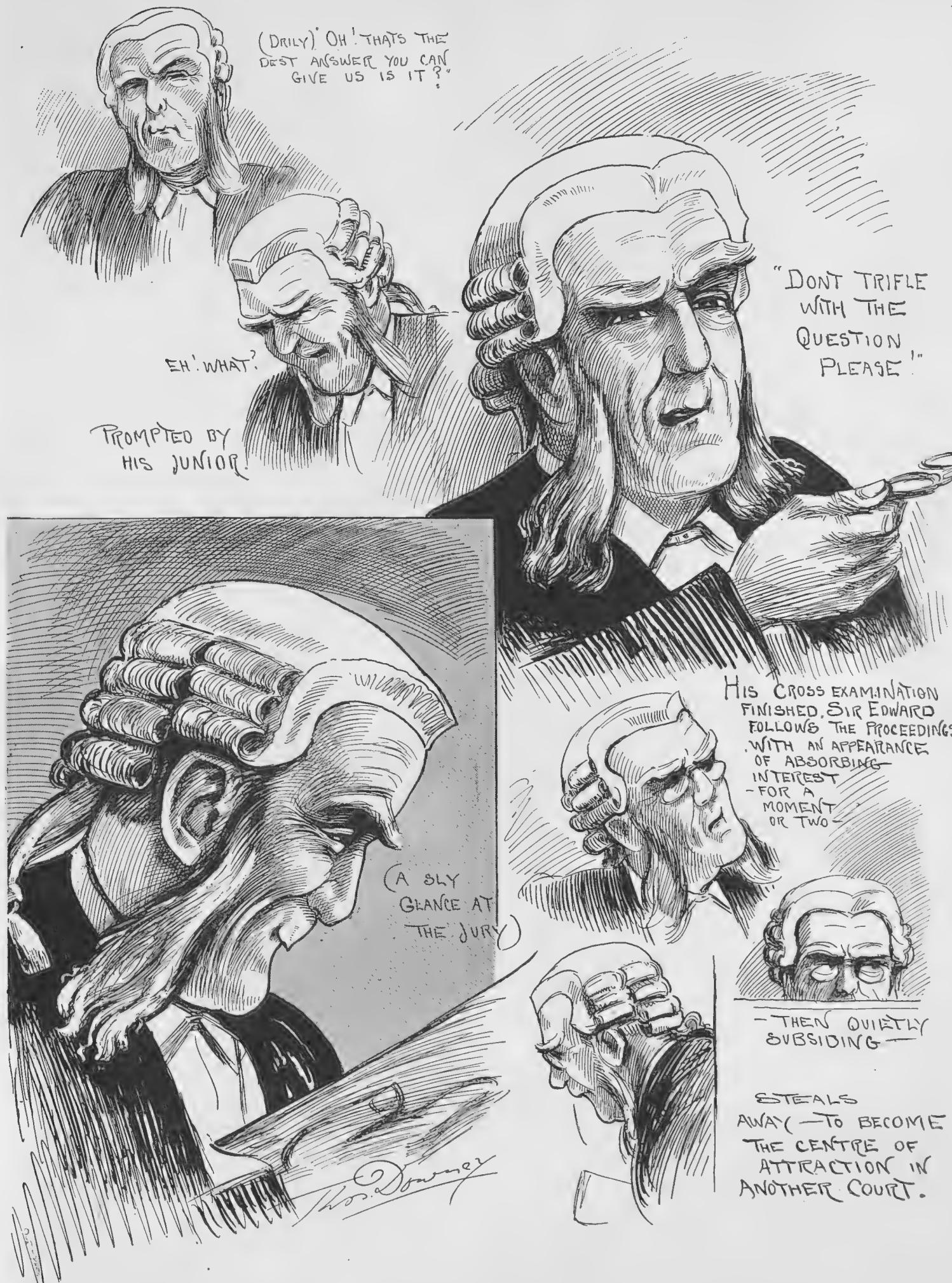


"I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR PAINTINGS TOO, WELL ENOUGH; GOD HATH GIVEN YOU ONE FACE, AND YOU MAKE YOURSELVES ANOTHER."

—HAMLET, Act III., Scene I.

STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

BY THOMAS DOWNEY.



SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

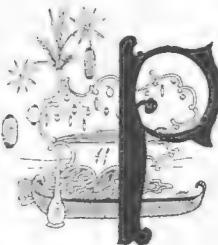
A NOVEL
IN
A NUTSHELL.



DINKLA'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

By CLO. GRAVES.

Illustrated by Ralph Cleaver.



OTTER, one of the gangers, required an "off" from duty because of a rheumatic attack he had contracted while on night-duty in the Maliak Ruby Mine. Various methods of treatment were advised, and amongst other specifics offered to Potter free of charge for internal application were included croton-oil, Elliman's Embrocation, Epsom salts, and Pain Killer. He rejected these in every instance, and accepted whisky, the only thing that brought temporary relief. He did not mind the relief being only temporary, he explained, because the medicine was pleasant to the palate.

Then he took a Winchester and went to inspect some panther stake-traps he had set in the jungle. They were an improvement on the Shan model and an advance upon the Chin idea, being built upon a principle of Potter's own invention. This might account for their being, in every instance but one, empty, and the exception only contained a porcupine.

Potter leaned over and looked. He thought he had a pair and a young one; but gradually the catch dwindled down to one old hog-porcupine, who was walking round and round on the hooked tips of his toes and expressing lively discontent with his quarters. He glanced up at Potter presently, with eyes as red as Potter's own, and Potter took covert, for he had heard that porcupines shot their quills at persons who had offended them. But the porcupine did not shoot that time. He reserved fire, and Potter revolved ways and means of getting him back to the Mines. He had a friend who held a sorter's post, for which Potter would have been glad to exchange his ganger-ship—if there is such a word, which I doubt—and an enemy who had lent him money.

"If this porcupine shoots either of those two beggars," reflected Potter, "it will be a distinct gain." The amount of whisky exhibited by sympathisers had not been without result, but Potter could pronounce words, mentally uttered, clearly and with ease. "A distinct gain," said Potter.

And Potter looked at the porcupine, and the porcupine elevated his quills with a sound like wind in a cane-brake. He said nothing, but walked round and round the trap, reserving fire. And just then a Shan man came by, leading a little donkey on which were a woman and an empty petroleum-barrel, and Potter requisitioned the barrel and let it down by a rope into the trap, and the porcupine immediately walked into it. Then Potter and the Shan hauled the barrel up, and Potter thanked the Shan for his timely assistance, and said that he could have the barrel back if he would first take out the porcupine. He ended in buying the receptacle for a pair of worn-out waterproof boots, and the donkey carried the barrel with its tenant back to camp, after a few objections—in which the other passenger joined. The barrel was rolled into Potter's hut and set up in a corner, the Shan duly rewarded and sent upon his way; then Potter turned in upon the back verandah for a snooze, and, waking, found himself free from twinges.

Now, Potter's hut, like all the others in camp, was a mere framework of bamboo poles fixed upright upon a plank platform and covered with reed mats. By day these, by an ingenious arrangement of strings, could be removed at pleasure, and the air allowed to penetrate freely through the dwelling. Consequently the barrel in the corner, covered with the lid of a cheese-box as it was, did not assert itself too strongly. And Potter, feeling a new man, went down to the store-hut and invested largely in whisky and minerals, and issued invitations for a party. He explained that the party was to be a kind of thank-offering for his recovered health, and this unusual manifestation of piety in Potter caused more than one acquaintance to anticipate his speedy dissolution. But everybody who was asked accepted. Wilson, the under-manager, came, and Brady, the Police Superintendent, and Collis, the sorter whom Potter wished to understudy, and McEvory, the enemy who had lent him money. Potter had increased his bitterness against McEvory by borrowing more money with which to buy the whisky for the party. Haggert, the other ganger, could not come, being on duty, but Mrs. Haggert, who was a Burmese lady, and her sister

came to show that there was no ill-feeling, and brought the baby. It was quite a compact little party, Arcadian in the simplicity of the refreshments. You could have whisky-straight, in a tin cup, or whisky, soda-diluted, in a crockery mug. And there were some stone bottles of lemonade and a plate of native sweetmeats for the ladies. Everyone brought his own tobacco, including the baby, who sat up in his mother's arms and smoked a deadly black cheroot that would have prostrated a London cabman or turned a Yankee sailor pale.

And the party sat round on converted American cheese-boxes—rather a dandy article of furniture is a cheese-box chair and one that is fashionable at the Mines. Potter's family photographs and other articles of *vertu*, suspended by petroleum-smeared strings from the rafters (thus ingeniously circumventing the ants), were much admired. With the three volumes comprising Potter's library—Twain's "Jumping Frog," "Don Juan," and a work on metal assays—the company were painfully familiar. But Potter's Winchester rifle was patted and admired, and the long waterproof boots in which Potter had last done duty provoked admiration, the sandy mud which had dried upon them being full of infinitesimal rubies. Solomon in all his glory might have worn such boots, one would have said, as they scintillated and burned and glowed. And then Night rushed over the mountains, sending an icy breath of cold before her, and the great white stars peered so coldly through the sides of Potter's hut that Potter made haste to let down the mats and light the cheap kerosene-lamp, so as to make things more cheerful.

Now, by this time Potter had quite forgotten the porcupine, for it was only in a certain stage of whisky that he was vindictive. And, save for a gentle rustling, the inmate of the barrel was perfectly unobtrusive. But an impalpable token of his presence, a subtle yet piercing suggestion of individuality, emanated from the barrel and wafted gently through the hut. The under-manager was the first to notice it. "My certie!" he said, "but ye are close in here!" And he mopped his perspiring brow with a cotton handkerchief, khaki-colour, printed with a map of South Africa, the battlefields indicated cheerfully by splashes of red. But no one moved to open the door or hoist a mat wall-screen, for the evening was chill and Potter but newly convalescent.

The talk, besides, turned upon rubies, upon weights and qualities; *Pala-ma* and *Kraok-ni*, the pure pigeon-blood, the Opalescent and the Star; and the last prize drawn by the Ruby Company—the twenty-four-carat stone now in the safe at the Manager's house, the glory and splendour of which Collis, upon whom devolved the honour of the find, could not describe without tears. And then legends began to crop up, and the perfectly authentic and well-known story of Theebaw's Crown Regalia—which lies out upon a mountain-plateau under the cover of the sky alone, and yet unseen by any eye of man because of the cordon of Burmese devils who perpetually guard the treasure. And then Potter felt a twinge, forerunner of others to come, and Dinkla, pretty Mrs. Haggert's prettier sister, asked, with a quick glance of sympathy out of her soft, almond-shaped black eyes—

"You ever tried a charm for him—that pain, I mean—Miss Potta?"

And Potter, who was never unready to converse about his sufferings, gave the sympathising Dinkla a list of the various remedies he had tried.

"All that," said Dinkla, decidedly, "no blooming use. Rayu—and she looked at her sister, who was giving the baby a light for a fresh cheroot—"Rayu will say same. She cure her husband the way I am going to tell you. He is now 'O.K.' Ask if you think I tell a *darnli*!"

Potter knew that Haggert had once been a victim to the iron cramps and racking agonies of rheumatism, and that something had cured him. Haggert was at that moment upon the night shift, down in the icy galleries of the mine, superintending the sucking, gasping, choking pumps, and keeping the native coolies under the wholesome moral influence of the revolver. But Rayu, having finished attending to the baby, was speaking.

"That all right," she said, jingling her golden ear-rings as she nodded to Potter. "Dinkla, she says the truth. My husband he cured by a very clever man—a holy man who charm the devils out of his bones and shut them up in a box. Then we pay the holy man three rupees, and tie up the box very tight with a stone and throw it into the water."

"And who was the holy man?" asked Potter.

"He boil the coolies' rice and make them *Kari*," explained Dinkla, with a silvery laugh. "Once he *daku*—you know him!"

"You mean that antediluvian old *russian*, Chokia? I know they say he used to be a dacoit. Now he's a cook, or a priest, or both together. . . . I've seen him muttering and mugging away like anything over his pots," said the host, passing the sweetmeats.

"He very clever man," said Dinkla, crunching. "He take your pains away in a jiffy!"

"If he takes away the pain I've got at this minute," said Potter, grimacing, "he will be a clever man, and I'll give him five rupees."

"Call the old beggar in," advised Collis, and Potter went to the door and opened it, letting in a great flood of silver moonlight and a rush of cold, damp air, and sent his voice roaring down the pass in quest of Chokia.

Chokia appeared very soon. The door was shut behind him as he entered, and the light of the paraffin-lamp on the round table showed him to be very old and bowed, and clad in indescribable native rags of extraordinary antiquity and unspeakable filthiness. A few words in the vernacular passed between the old gentleman and Dinkla, who seemed to have constituted her pretty self his patroness. Then she said to Potter—

"He say he can do, if you pay five rupees."

At that moment, Potter's right arm and knee were being transfixed by red-hot needles, and the price seemed reasonable.

The sufferer agreed and struck the bargain.

By this time, every ear and every eye present were attracted to the two contracting parties. Rubies depreciated in value and panthers lost interest, as Chokia and Dinkla again exchanged a few rapid sentences in the vernacular.

"I can't quite make out the whole of it," said Collis; "but it seems to me he's asking you to point out the box or bag or basket you prefer to have your devils charmed into."

"There's a barrel in the corner," said Wilson, "that seems to me would be juist the thing to hold a devil or twa—provided it's empty!"

"Oh yes—it's empty," said Potter, who was now in a forgetful stage of whisky, and had not the least recollection of the morning's transaction. "I don't even know how it came there," he added.

So the barrel was indicated to Chokia, and Chokia began to charm the rheumatism-devils out of Potter as he had charmed them out of

Haggert. Dinkla did not attempt to interpret; but Collis, who had not sufficient imagination to invent, and might, therefore, be relied upon, furnished a rough translation of the invocation employed. Whirling a little metal hand-cylinder, and rapidly facing in succession the four corners of the hut, Chokia summoned four good demons to aid him in driving the bad ones out of Potter's joints and muscles. And the bad ones he argued and remonstrated with, pointing out how very useless it was to remain in their present lodging when he—Chokia—was determined to evict them. And he danced and foamed and rattled his cylinder, and the hut got closer and closer and the attention of the circle of listeners more strained, and Potter grew visibly nervous. And then, quite distinctly, a scratching sound was heard. It came from inside the barrel to which Chokia's lean brown stick of a finger

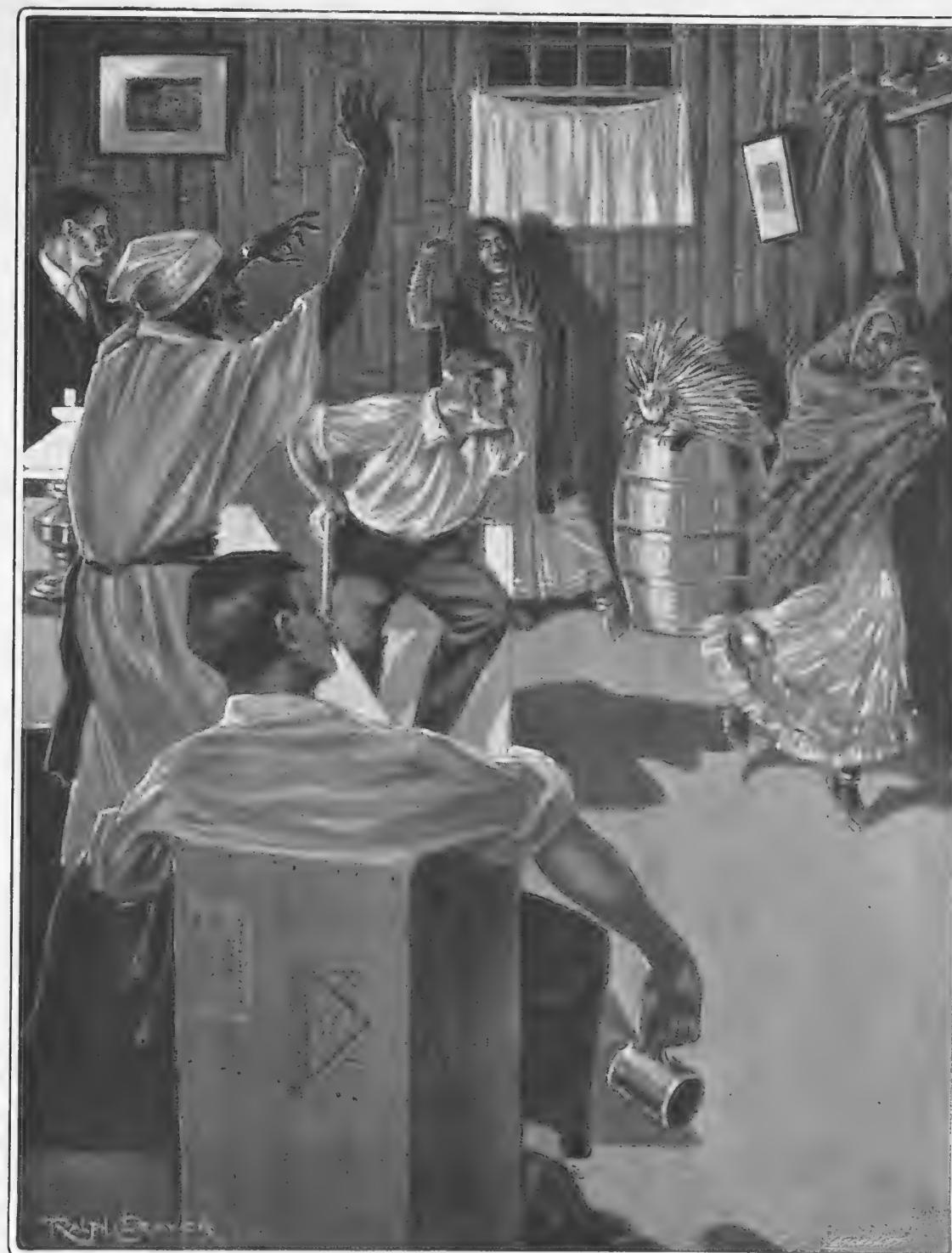
incessantly pointed. Every eye glared and every muscle became rigid at that sound. And then the top of the barrel heaved up and fell off, and then came a long, wild shriek from Dinkla. For the porcupine, encouraged by the silence about him, had climbed up and hoisted off the cheese-box lid and looked out.

I cannot say, in the hurry of the general stampede for the door, who knocked the table over; but over it went, and out went the lamp—the first time a patent of that kind has ever been known to fulfil its promise. And chaos reigned, rent by yell after yell. For everybody seemed to be piled up upon the floor in inextricable confusion, and in and out among the prostrate bodies went the porcupine, hissing fearfully and with every quill on end. Everybody met him and everybody was the worse for him, and some of the fancy bites he inflicted are shown by the recipients to this day. At the climax of the night's enjoyment came a thump that burst open the door.

The burly form of the Manager himself stood upon the threshold, attended by a native police-sergeant, who carried a lantern.

"Come, come!" the Manager remonstrated, as the nature of the language employed by the revellers came home to him; "this won't do, you know. A plain infringement of the Company's rules; and, Potter, I regret to say that you will be held responsible. . . ." In his excitement, the Manager took a step forwards and fell over the porcupine. As his voice was upraised in loud thanksgiving, the animal chose that moment to escape.

"I forgot all about the brute!" said Potter, ruefully, next day; "and, of course, I said the barrel was empty, and, as none of you other idiots thought of looking in to make sure, I shall have to pay Chokia those five rupees. Anyway, I haven't had a twinge of rheumatism since . . . and Dinkla swears it was a devil she saw and not a porcupine. I'll have to leave it at that, I guess." And he left it.

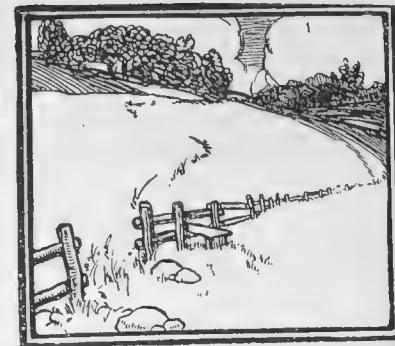


For the porcupine, encouraged by the silence about him, had climbed up and hoisted off the cheese-box lid and looked out.

"DINKLA'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM."



LAZY LEAVES FROM: THE: DIARY OF: AN: IDLE: SUMMER.



II.—SPRING WEATHER.

WHEN I take my morning paper into the garden after lunch—the paper does not reach me before half-past two—I notice, or have noticed during the month of May, a journalistic revolt against the weather. My brethren of the Fourth Estate have hardened their hearts and dipped their quills in gall; they have arraigned the most delightful season of the year. And down here the



rain has been as welcome as it is to the dwellers in the South, who look for "the rains in their due season, the first rain and the latter rain that they may gather in their corn, their wine, and their oil." We, too, have had a wet month: old, grey-bearded men rub their hands and say it is a "wunnerful rine," and that they have not known its like these twenty years. Younger labourers have come home soaked from the fields, but no word of complaint has escaped them in my hearing; lads tramp up and down the roads completely indifferent to the worst the weather can do.

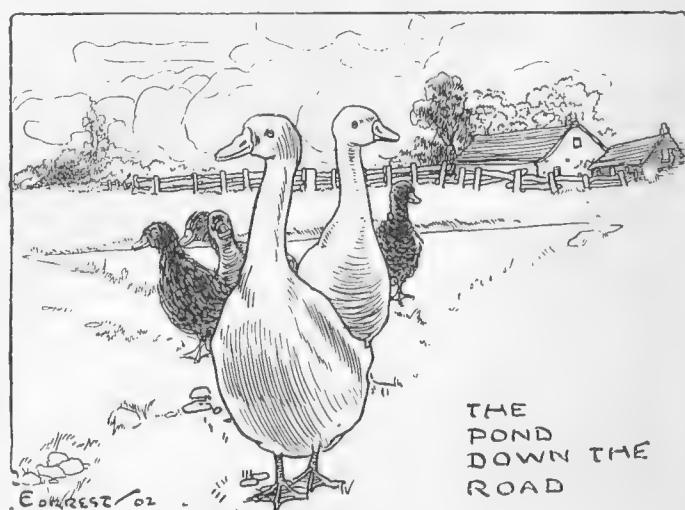
The cause for this rejoicing, or indifference, is not far to seek. We are in a very dry district, to which the rain comes all too seldom; the heavy land gets dry and hot, the crops fail, the springs run dry in the summer; at the best, we have a water-famine; at the worst, there are cases of fever. Perhaps the neglect of arboriculture is the cause, for where trees are cut down recklessly, and the beds of rivers are choked up, the rainfall is always reduced, and the land suffers. Down here, where the farmers have ruled with almost feudal despotism for so long, the country has not been handled with too much intelligence. Now that the rain has come to our assistance, nourishing the fields and feeding the springs, we are all well pleased. On this account, the echo of the anger of my brethren in Fleet Street seems out of place when it travels to this remote corner of the land.

"Rain in spring, White rain and wind among the tender trees." Swinburne's "Ballad of Burdens" came to my mind this morning as I took refuge in the shadow of some high elms against a sudden shower. Town clings to me still: remembrance of the tyranny of silk-hat, thin boots, frock-coat, and the rest of the ills that London is heir to, makes me shrink from the showers, though the old man, my neighbour, who has lived since days when the Battle of Waterloo was unfought, told me this morning that "a little rine doan't do no hurt to nobody." He ought to know, for he was tending his lettuces as though the shower would be as good for him as for them. In the last week, our gardens have made wonderful strides: flower-beds are showing delicate tints amid their greenery, the rose-trees are all abud, the lawn is starred with daisies. In the grove, too, I see changes from day to day. The hawthorns are breaking into blossom, the sun coming out between showers turns the young green of the limes to

gold, wood-laurel is rearing its head in all directions, the ivy that wraps the trunks of dead trees in a pall has every tint from a dark green that is almost brown to a very light green that is almost white. Everywhere there is a delicious freshness; sun succeeds to shower and shower to sun, and the fragrance of the woodland is well-nigh intoxicating. So soon as the rain stops, the birds begin to sing from their hiding-places with countless varieties of note, from the harsh scream of the jay to the flute-like notes of the thrush, from the mocking call of the cuckoo to the passionate song of nightingale and lark. The land round here, though not preserved, is well shot; hawks, stoats, weasels, carrion-crows, pies, and jays are kept down, and in consequence of this severity the numbers of the singing-birds are well maintained.

The pond some fifty yards down the road is given over to gander, goose, and goslings. Papa Gander is a very fierce old bird, and will not allow any ducks to approach him on the water, or any chickens to live in the same meadow when he takes his wife and family on to the land. If he and his family are crossing the road, and cart or bicycle or pedestrian impedes his progress, there is trouble, and the passer-by is well in it. This being the case, I was surprised to see Mr. and Mrs. Moorhen sharing the pond with the gander and his family this morning. Mrs. Moorhen had just hatched ten eggs that were safely placed in the nest where some grasses overhang the pond, and now she and her husband were taking the babies out for their first excursion. The new arrivals are like little balls of soot, and their activity is surprising. All their skill will be needed to escape the water-rats; but, so far as Papa Gander is concerned, there is no need for anxiety. He ignored them, but hissed at me, as though he knew that certain of his family find their way to my table every year.

When I had written as far as the last sentence, I closed my diary and sought my bicycle. Some six miles from home, the rain met me, and, taking advantage of my helpless state and the complete absence of shelter, soaked me to the skin. So soon as I reached shelter, or within a quarter of an hour at most, the downpour ceased and the sun came out, laughing. Now, as I sit close to the fire, appealing from time to time to the steaming glass by my side, I realise that my brethren in Fleet Street were right, after all. Showers are excellent things in their way, but they should come at stated hours, and should not punish people who are not inured to their violence. I have every sympathy with my neighbours who want rain for their fields and cattle, but they had quite enough without the heavy shower of this afternoon. It was quite unsolicited and, I think, superfluous. I hope that the



voice of the most enlightened Press in the world, raised in unanimous protest against the vagaries of the May weather, will not be without effect upon Dame Nature, and that she will turn from the manifest error of her ways.'

S. L. BENSUSAN.



MADAME RÉJANE'S CAREER.

MADAME RÉJANE comes of a family that has long been connected with the French Stage. Her father, M. Réju, was an actor of note, while her aunt, Madame Arnault, was closely associated with the Comédie-Française, where she was one of the leading members five-and-thirty years ago. It is not surprising, therefore, that when the girl grew up she should in turn have decided to become an actress. Her family, however, had other plans for her, and, accordingly, rather opposed the project. Nevertheless, when they perceived that her mind was set on making a career on the stage, they gave way.

After studying for some time privately, the actress in embryo was at the age of seventeen enrolled as a student at the Conservatoire. Here, under the tuition of M. Regnier, she acquitted herself with such distinction that she early obtained a valuable prize. Impressed by this evidence of her talent, the Management of the Vaudeville engaged her in March 1875 to sustain a rôle in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of MM. Clairville and Dreyfus. Her débüt proving entirely satisfactory, other parts followed in quick succession. Among the best-known

Madame Réjane is under contract to give a number of performances there every year. Her position on the French stage is consequently very similar to Sir Henry Irving's on the English one. Madame Réjane's first appearance in London was made in 1890, when she played in "Madame Sans-Gêne."

Those who continue to announce that Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley's new play, "The Grass Widow," will be produced at the Shaftesbury next Saturday night, the 31st inst., do not speak by the card. The play's production at the Shaftesbury will not take place until the following Monday, June 2. In the meantime, "The Grass Widow" started last Monday (the 26th) a trial-trip at Eastbourne.

Mr. Edward Terry, believing that Mrs. Ryley's play was to be produced on Saturday, selected next Friday for his revival of "Love in Idleness" at his theatre. This pretty play by Messrs. E. J. Goodman and Louis Napoleon Parker is to be preceded by "The Holly-Tree Inn." The last performance—for the present—of Captain Basil Hood's comedy, "My Pretty Maid," will be given this afternoon.

Master Alby. Hicks
(Mr. E. Rigby). (Mr. Widdicombe).

Belle Langham
(Miss May Hannan).

Kate Oswald
(Miss Hilda Stewart).

Lucy
(Miss Annie Dale).



Quin (Mr. Fred Emney).

Mrs. Trencher (Miss Dolores Drummond).

Dick Oswald (Mr. Frank Lacy).

A SCENE FROM "BROTHER BILL," THE NEW FARCE BY CARLTON DAWE AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

Act II.—Dick Oswald, about to be arrested for debt, conceives the idea of passing off Quin, the broker's man, as his brother.

plays in which she appeared during her stay (which lasted for six years) at the Vaudeville were "Les Tapageurs," "Les Dominos Roses," and "Madame Lili."

At the commencement of 1881, Madame Réjane transferred herself for a short period to the Variétés, afterwards joining Sarah Bernhardt's Company for the production of Richepin's "La Glu." Other pieces and theatres with which she subsequently became associated were "Ma Camarade," at the Palais-Royal, and "Germinie Lacerteux," at the Odéon. Perhaps her greatest success of all, however, up to ten years ago was achieved in her impersonation of Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne." Of more recent times she has been seen to most advantage in "La Douloureuse," by Maurice Doumey, "La Course du Flambeau," by Paul Hervieu, "La Passerelle," by Mesdames Gresac and de Croisset, and in the piece which forms the chief item in her present répertoire, "Zaza," by MM. Pierre Berton and Charles Simon. She first appeared in this in 1898.

Madame Réjane's home in Paris is in the Avenue d'Antin, where she has a magnificent house. She is married to M. Porel, the director of the Vaudeville Theatre, and has one daughter. Like the Lyceum in London, the Paris Vaudeville is run by a Company, and

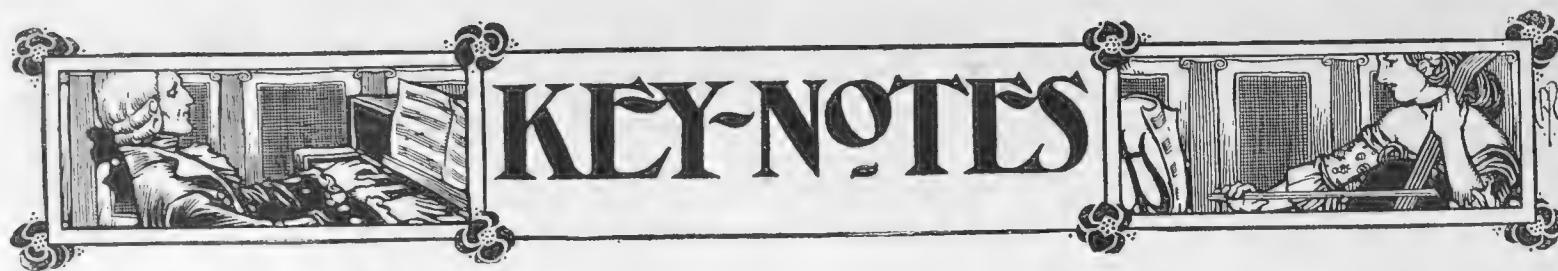
Mr. Charles Wyndham, who has been compelled to extend the run of "Still Waters Run Deep" for a while at his Charing Cross Road theatre, has now decided that his next new play shall be from the pen of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Jones is also busy on his long-talked-of new play for Miss Lena Ashwell. The scene of this is laid at Monte Carlo.

Mr. Frank Curzon asks me to deny the rumours to the effect that he is about to give up the Prince of Wales's for Mr. George Edwardes to run in the autumn. By about the time these lines appear in print, Mr. Curzon will, he tells me, doubtless "sign" to take over the Comedy.

Next week, at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will give the first London performance of their new play, formerly called "Conscience," but now entitled "Mrs. Hamilton's Silence."

"The King of the Jews" is the daring title of a miniature melodrama which Mr. John Lawson, the Hebrew impersonator, is about to present in the Variety theatres.

Miss Ellen Terry will make her welcome reappearance at the Lyceum next Saturday week at a special matinée of "The Merchant of Venice."



KUBELIK must really be more careful in his choice of programmes than he was on the occasion of his last concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. It was well enough, perhaps, to choose the violin part in Mozart's Concerto in D Major, which showed the player in the light of a master of broad phrasing and of delicate intimacy with the great composer's thoughts; but the work

does not throw any light upon Kubelik's more exceptional and remarkable talents. But the further choice of Wieniawski's "Faust Fantaisie" was almost ridiculous. What on earth did a large audience want with these airs from Gounod's "Faust" strung together by intervals of uninspired fireworks? And, as if this were not enough, that it should be chosen by a paragon like Kubelik was indeed a sorry affair. On another occasion it may be hoped that this quite serious matter will be attended to either by Kubelik himself or by his agent.

The Opera has, owing to the holiday season, been of a not very exciting nature during the last few days. Much interest was aroused by the announcement of Pennarini's appearance in the title-part of "Siegfried," and, on the whole, he succeeded excellently well. At first, certainly, he seemed a trifle rough; but he gradually warmed into his part, and in the big duet with Brünnhilde in the last Act he sang not short of magnificently. Madame Nordica was the Brünnhilde and was in excellent voice. Her persistent trick of singing to the audience is always a little absurd, and on this occasion the absurdity was emphasised by Pennarini's resolute refusal to follow her example. The new scenery painted by Bruce Smith was extremely effective, and Herr Reiss's Mime was, in its way, an ideal performance.

I have just been visiting Düsseldorf for a couple of days, in order to hear not only what a German Musical Festival might be, but also how Germans would be able to interpret a work of a real English master. Fine as the reputation of Edward Elgar is in this country, it is very interesting to note that his reputation in Germany is even more widespread, and is based upon a more thoughtful criticism. "The Dream of Gerontius," a great work in which Elgar embodied in music Newman's semi-mystical, semi-philosophical poem, is, I will venture to say, barely known in this country, and yet in Düsseldorf it is beginning to be quite a familiar composition. Well it deserves to be, for it is the outcome of a magnificent musical accomplishment and a magnificent musical inspiration. There is certainly no living English musician, and I am inclined to think no Continental musician, with the single exception of Richard Strauss, who could have done the thing from a purely structural point of view. Every contrapuntal device, every resource of technical skill, are brought together and expanded and deepened by Edward Elgar in this massive and thoughtful composition. Moreover, it is based upon an intensely keen musical inspiration. Nothing that Elgar does, whether it reach the possible height of his genius or whether the music runs a little thin, lacks this vital and blazing sincerity. The man works with a conscientiousness that would be dull without inspiration, but always even then would command admiration.

The performance at Düsseldorf was, so far as the choral singing went, on a colossal scale. One very rarely indeed hears such singing as this. We in England are inclined to plume ourselves upon the choral singing at many of our provincial Festivals; and we have some reason so to do. Our Leeds Choir and our Sheffield Choir are certainly among our musical glories, and, though I will not say that the Düsseldorf choir surpassed these two examples, it certainly proved

itself to be a most formidable rival—at certain moments, indeed, reaching consummately high levels of excellence. Professor Buths was responsible for their conducting, and he acquitted himself most nobly of his task. A splendidly accomplished man, this Professor Buths, for not only is he a musician of great capacity, an organiser of rare skill, and an extremely fine conductor, but he is also a *littérateur* of extraordinary accomplishment.

Dr. Buths has, for instance, translated "The Dream of Gerontius" into German, not only so carefully, syllable by syllable, that the translation can be sung precisely according to the notes set down by Elgar (a most difficult task), but I am assured by German scholars that the translation itself has such rare literary merit that nobody in reading it would for a moment suspect that its source was other than original.

I hear that the preparations at Covent Garden for the gala performance are, at least, in hand, so far as planning and design are concerned. Many who remember the last gala night will recollect that real roses were mounted upon trellis-work and decorated the entire house. This year the trellis will be replaced by wiring and the flowers will be artificial. Some may regret the change; but, for a beginning, real flowers at night-time breathe out carbonic-acid gas (in the day they breathe out oxygen), not at all a pleasant thing to inhale; and, dying very quickly, they are bedraggled at the end of a performance, where the decorative quality of the manufactured roses will remain unimpaired.

COMMON CHORD.

JOSEF HOFMANN.

After an absence of eight years, Josef Hofmann, who has been making a great name for himself in Russia and the United States, gave a recital in the Queen's Hall on Monday last. No lovers of music who heard him at the time will have forgotten the little boy who paid his first visit to England in 1887. The astonishment caused by this wonderful child was so great that it attracted large crowds, and hundreds were turned away regularly from his recitals at St. James's Hall. It was a fortunate thing for young Hofmann that his father, at that time Conductor of the Opera at Warsaw, was a fine musician—fortunate for many reasons. In the first place, the greatest temptation for a parent blessed with so wonderful a child is to constantly exhibit his talents; in the second, young Hofmann's concerts were most lucrative. Perhaps the latter was the greater temptation, as the Hofmanns were by no means rich.

Shortly after his performances in England, he went to the United States, where the same sensational success was repeated. This went on for some little time, until the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children decided that the prodigy was too young to undergo the strain imposed upon him. An American gentleman presented young Hofmann with fifty thousand dollars, the capital to be held for him in trust, and the income to be devoted to his studies.

On his return to Russia, in 1888, he played for Rubinstein, who immediately undertook the instruction of young Hofmann. The Master spent long hours with Hofmann, sometimes giving up all other lessons on the day he came. He had known the Hofmanns in the Warsaw days, and he was accustomed to speak of Josef as the only Child-Wonder who was not a puppet. It was with real delight, often and constantly expressed, that he took the boy as a pupil. Just before Rubinstein died, he proclaimed young Hofmann his successor, and himself introduced him into a number of Russian cities. No pianist has such a following in Russia as Josef Hofmann. His recent tour in the United States was a great success.



JOSEF HOFMANN, THE YOUNG RUSSIAN PIANIST.

Photograph by Gessford, New York.

during the last few days. Much interest was aroused by the announcement of Pennarini's appearance in the title-part of "Siegfried," and, on the whole, he succeeded excellently well. At first, certainly, he seemed a trifle rough; but he gradually warmed into his part, and in the big duet with Brünnhilde in the last Act he sang not short of magnificently. Madame Nordica was the Brünnhilde and was in excellent voice. Her persistent trick of singing to the audience is always a little absurd, and on this occasion the absurdity was emphasised by Pennarini's resolute refusal to follow her example. The new scenery painted by Bruce Smith was extremely effective, and Herr Reiss's Mime was, in its way, an ideal performance.



M. ANTON VAN DYCK AS LOHENGRIN, AT COVENT GARDEN.

Photograph by Dupont, New York.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Mark Tapley at Whitsuntide—A Sorry Procession—The Philosopher and the Motor—Grinning at Mishaps—Another Invasion—Rubbish from America—The Starley Memorial.

Time to light up : Wednesday, May 28, 8.59; Thursday, 9; Friday, 9.1; Saturday, 9.2; Sunday, June 1, 9.4; Monday, 9.5; Tuesday, 9.6.

He must indeed have been a very Mark Tapley among cyclists to have found the Whitsun holiday all that was desirable. Rain and wind are not quite so bad as butterfly wheelers declare. But when one looks forward to genial sunshine, the balmy zephyr breezes, and roads without a speck of mud upon them, it is, I confess, a little unsatisfactory to be slashed at by violent thunder-storms, pelted with a very artillery shower of hail-stones, and have mud—if you are so guilelessly confident as to venture out without a mud-guard—making a foot-path up your back. I was out cycling during the holidays, and was fairly fortunate in reaching a convenient wayside inn or the protection of the broad branches of a tree to escape the frequent downpours.

On the Saturday, as I was spending my week-end in the prettiest part of Surrey, I did what I suppose no cyclist should confess to

Why is it that not only drivers of horses and occupants of carriages but also cyclists always indulge in a broad grin when they come across a motor-car undergoing some repair by the roadside? Laughter has been defined as gloating over somebody else's troubles, and I think the description may be applied to the average person who begins to grin the moment he spies a motor halting by the wayside. Motors are quickly displacing horse-drawn carriages, and the day is not so very far distant when every cyclist will be a motorist. Then he will smile with a superior air at those antiquated, old-fashioned folks who are content with foot-driven wheels, just as now he smiles upon a man who rides a high old ordinary.

Referring to motors reminds me we are threatened with another American invasion. I don't know how many ship-loads of American motor-cars are going to be landed upon these shores within the next few months; but, judging from the figures I have seen, it is evident that one of the first objects to which the great fleet purchased by Mr. Pierpont Morgan is to be put will be to convey American motor-cars to this land for British purchasers. Of course, to become the owner of an English motor-car now is like wanting to send your son to Eton—you must put down your name years beforehand.

I am delighted the motor industry is so prosperous, and I can understand that the great demand not only keeps up prices, but tends



TWO "COUNTRY GIRLS": MISS EVIE GREENE AND MISS MAGGIE MAY IN A DAIMLER CAR IN BATTERSEA PARK.
Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

doing—went a carriage-drive with my host and hostess to Hindhead. On our return Godalmingwards, we came in for the tail-end of a storm, and, being sheltered, I could not help feeling sorry for the little army of cyclists, usually in couples—sometimes two young fellows, baggage-laden, sometimes a man and his wife, and sometimes a couple of girls, all rather bedraggled—toilsomely pushing their mounts up the hillside. It was rather a sloppy sort of holiday-making. I got into conversation with a motor-bicyclist, and my heart grieved at his misfortune. We had passed him a couple of hours earlier, trundling his bicycle up a hill. Now, when I saw him again, he said he had been walking for hours. He had owned his motor only a fortnight, and he bought it on the understanding he was going to cover thirty-five miles an hour. He had started out from London at eight in the morning, and now, at six at night, he had done less than forty miles. Earlier in the day, he, no doubt, had sworn and anathematised all motor-bicycles, and his in particular, to perdition. He had, however, got beyond the swearing stage; he was wet through, but philosophic. He told me of his many discomforts all through the day. Yet he smiled. The motor wouldn't work, and what he intended to do he didn't know. I am not going to mention the name of that motor-bicycle. It was a first-class make, and the trouble was not through any breakdown in the machine, but because the rider did not know how to manage it.

to even raise them. Should many American motors be brought here, the tendency must be, before long, to lower prices; and, as I am one of the outside purchasing public, to whom fifty pounds' difference means something, I won't grumble on that account. I do trust, however, the Americans won't shoot all their old rubbish at us. I am a great admirer of the American bicycle, and the fact that this bicycle has not become popular in England is because it has not deserved popularity, as American makers chiefly sent us rubbish. If we are going to have American motors, let us, at any rate, have them of decent material.

Months ago, I made a special appeal to the chiefs in cycle manufacture and to the leaders of our big Clubs to forget all their paltry differences and jealousies and to unite in providing some suitable memorial, by preference a statue, to the late Mr. H. T. Starley, who was the one man above all others that brought the bicycle within the range of world-wide popularity. At the time, however, I was a little afraid it was but seed thrown on a barren place. However, I now gladly admit my mistake. Tardily, but none the less certainly, the matter has been taken in hand. A most representative Committee has been formed, with Mr. Lang, one of the pleasantest writers on cycling matters, as secretary, and I hope that when they issue an appeal it will meet with a ready response.

J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Royal Ascot. As a mere matter of form, it may be necessary to once more note here that the Ascot Meeting will this year take place on June 17, 18, 19, and 20, and it can be safely asserted that the reunion will be the best of the year. His Majesty has paid several visits to the course of late, and this may be taken as a guarantee that the arrangements will be perfect. Major Clements has improved the course out of all knowledge, so an old resident informs me. The weather has, up to now, been just to his liking, and it will be marvellous if the herbage is not sufficiently thick to last out the four days of the meeting. The racing should be what the Yankees term "first chop," as all the big owners are determined to see their colours carried at the Coronation Ascot. The Frenchmen think they are bound to win the Gold Cup, which for once is likely to prove an interesting race. Royal State processions will, as I have before mentioned, take place on the Tuesday and the Thursday, and the King and Princes will attend the meeting privately on the Wednesday and Friday. By-the-bye, I do not see why the prices should be doubled on the Thursday. It would be a graceful act on the part of the Management if ordinary fees only were charged on the Gold Cup Day. I commend the idea to the Managers of the meeting, who, by-the-bye, are rolling in riches, and therefore surely would not begrudge the loss of the few pounds required to give to the crowd a real treat.

Open Meetings. I am sorry that the Bath and Salisbury Meetings are not so prosperous as they were. It is really a pity to see the old open meetings on the down grade. Bath was the



A. E. Trott,
WHO MADE 103 FOR MIDDLESEX AGAINST SOMERSET,
AT LORD'S.

and Grateley, it should be possible to run a successful meeting somewhere in the West. Yet it cannot be under the old order of things. To make a small meeting successful it is necessary that all visitors should pay an admission fee. The promoters of the new racecourse at Slough are very likely to reap the benefit of being able to adopt the Park system, and, if a clever Club-manager is appointed, a big income might be assured at the very start from members' subscriptions.

The Derby. The market on the Derby is very likely to dry right up, as nothing is expected to beat Sceptre if Mr. Sievier's filly is delivered fit and well at the post. I have heard for some months that Captain Bewicke fancied the chance of Pekin, but he is a perfect pig of a horse and is just as likely to get left at the post as he is to win. One lucky City man, the son-in-law of a big bookmaker, has £400 to £10 about his chance, which is a good bet, seeing that Pekin has not figured in any list for months at a less price than 25 to 1 against. I have very little fancy for Ard Patrick, who is bred like a loser, and the same may be said of Duke of Westminster, who, I think, will turn out to have been a very bad bargain for Mr. Faber. I expect Flying Lemur will be the best of the Kingsclere lot, but, on the book, he can have no chance against Sceptre. I fancy Royal Lancer, an improving sort, will run well, and he may turn out to be a good place investment. For the winner I shall take Sceptre, who will also win the Oaks, unless Mr. Sievier should decide to keep her for the Grand Prix, which is worth the winning this year. I expect, however, that patriotism will prevail and that Sceptre will miss the French race.

Mr. Sievier. The "lion" of the Turf at the present moment is Mr. Robert Sievier, known to all racegoers as "the genial Bob." He is a fine all-round sportsman, good-natured to a fault, popular with layers and backers alike, and what the sport

would term a real good sort of a fellow. Mr. Sievier has made a book in Australia, shot big game in South Africa, and held a commission in Her Majesty's Service. But it is as a plunger and an owner of racehorses that he is best known to the public. His big run of luck in backing winners, followed by his plucky purchases at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster, brought him bang to the fore in racing circles. Then came a run of bad luck, which culminated in the second of Sceptre for the Lincoln Handicap. Just when everybody thought Mr. Sievier's unlucky star had come to stay, Bob captured the One and Two Thousand, and finished up by refusing a genuine offer of £38,000 for Sceptre. And here I should add, for the benefit of the masher trainers, that Mr. Sievier when he led Sceptre back at Newmarket wore his old top-coat and his old hat. He looked workmanlike and sensible, not an empty dandy.

A Bold Challenge. Mr. Bob Sievier's offer to run Sceptre for £10,000 against any horse, at weight for age and sex, over from one mile and a-quarter to one mile and three-quarters is a very bold challenge, but one which is not likely to be taken on by any owner. Mr. Sievier offers to run Sceptre against St. Maclou, the former to have a 5 lb. allowance. Perhaps Colonel McCalmont might be inclined to give the Lincoln Handicap winner a chance, but I doubt it, as he cannot act on hard ground. Indeed, the going was doughy when he beat Volodyovski at Newmarket last year, and when St. Maclou won the Lincoln Handicap this year the mud was inches deep at parts of the Carholme. If I were Mr. Sievier, however, I would not waste my time in making matches for Sceptre, as we have very few jockeys who could ride in matches now, and, under these circumstances, I doubt whether a match would be a fair test on either side. Let Sceptre run out for the classic races, when, if properly ridden, she will get a fair chance. Leave the match-making to the old fogies of the Glasgow and Exeter order, who remind one of the old Professor dissertating on the difference 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee.



V. TRUMPER,

WHO MADE 101 FOR THE AUSTRALIANS AGAINST SURREY,
AT THE OVAL, AND 121 AGAINST OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

red tape is everywhere rampant. It might scarcely be believed that a duplicated result would take several minutes longer in delivery than a private message. Yet it is so. The formalities of taking a certain number of copies and of sorting these out and distributing have to be gone through before the result is ever re-transmitted over a private wire, when all this could be done after and not before the re-despatch of the message. I am told that the Post Office authorities wake up considerably directly they find that the telephone is working at any race-meeting, which proves what they could do at all times if they were in the humour. I was told of a very funny dodge adopted by an Agency to wake up the inside operators and managers. By arrangement, a message was occasionally sent back to the reporter on the course, abusing him for being all behind. The message was read all along the line, with the result that subsequent messages came up quick. The reporter was advised of the ruse beforehand.

Jockeys. I often see sly digs made by critics of the ante-diluvian fossil order at the American jockeys, but these old men forget to acknowledge that we owe the whole of the success achieved by latter-day apprentices to the coming of Sloan and the brothers Reiff. Luckily for the boys of to-day, the Americans have made such an impression on our road-wagon trainers, or many of them, that they set about teaching their lads the new-fangled notions, with a result that is very apparent to-day. There is not a successful apprentice who has not adopted the American style in its entirety, and the old jockeys who refused to follow the fashion are, with one or two exceptions, standing down. Here I am reminded of a conservative trainer who, some few years back, told a young English jockey not to shorten his stirrups. Well, long stirrups have done very little good to that trainer, who at the present time has only a few moderate horses under his charge.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

ONE of the great excitements of this week has been the effort to secure seats for the gala night at the Opera, which, by all accounts, will break the record in brilliancy. The usual exaggerations about fabulous prices for stalls and any available boxes have been set about, but the most extravagant rumours obtain not alone credence but confirmation in this age of multi-millionaires and feverish social competition, so that one hears the most apparently impossible statements made without in the least being able to judge whether they are fairy-tale or fact. I know several people who are quite prepared to pay the not inconsiderable price of five-and-twenty pounds for a seat on the night in question, if needs must, and, if ordinary well-to-do Britons are content to launch out after this fashion, what will not the enterprising Man of Millions from Johannesburg or Wall Street be guilty of? Great rivalry seems to exist, by the way, among hostesses for the pleasure and prestige which Kubelik's presence and performance at their forthcoming parties will afford. His success in America was instantaneous and immense. Dollars poured in, and those osculatory advances by which the fair Américaine is wont to hall-mark with her regard the fortunate object of her appreciations were "freely offered," in sporting parlance, and, no doubt, "taken."

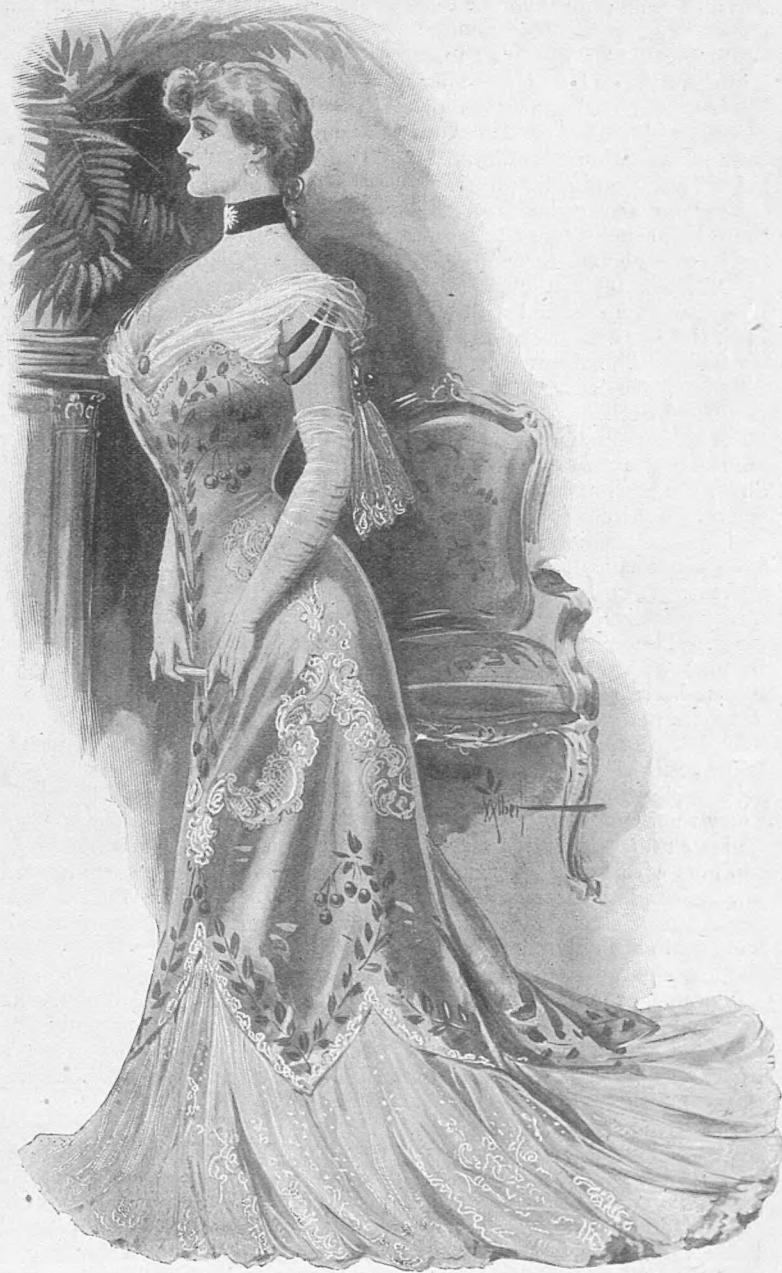
The triumphal tour of the justly famous young fiddler was continued in similar fashion on the Atlantic liner by which he crossed, while, on arriving in town, our less demonstrative but no less ardent English Madams expressed their welcoming recognition by literally



GREY CLOTH WITH COAT OF CREAM GUIPURE.

smothering the artist's flat in Mount Street with bouquets and baskets of flowers. I have even heard of more than one pearl pin of price being found enshrined in these floral offerings, so that altogether the whilom swineherd may be considered a favourite of fortune. I heard

Kubelik fiddle at a party last week; he played divinely, of course, and seemed just the same unassuming and modest youth whose engaging demeanour was so admired a few seasons since, when the new genius burst forth on a responsive world. His fee this season is, *bien entendu*,



BALL-GOWN OF PALE-GREEN SATIN EMBROIDERED WITH CHERRIES.

three hundred guineas a-night, but nothing daunts the enterprising hostess nowadays.

Emeralds seem to have come very much into fashion again this season, and were worn extensively at last week's Court. Mrs. Murray Guthrie's crown and necklace of large emeralds caused quite a little sensation. Mrs. George Keppel wore the same lovely stones and the emerald ear-rings with which she was lately presented, together with a large emerald and diamond pendant and other jewels galore. Mrs. Newhouse wore her famous pearl necklace clasped with a big emerald which is said to have cost £50,000; and altogether green gems were in the ascendant.

Amongst the girls present, Miss Jeanne Langtry in a delightful gown of white chiffon, Miss Baba Brougham in palest blue, and Miss Smart Walker in a lovely shade of faint-green satin were three of the most admired. Great ingenuity is being displayed by merchants and traders of all sorts in the catalogues and devices variously with which they advertise their different wares this year. The proof of the advertisement is, as we all know, in the swallowing of it, and one of the cleverest departures in this way that has ever come to my notice was that of a Parisian sweet-maker, who recently issued amongst his richest clients a satin-covered box of bonbons which could only be opened by a certain spring, the secret of which it was necessary to visit his shop to discover. Dozens of smartly dressed *bébés* with their *bonnes* have besieged the good man's shop for the past month, with, needless to add, very profitable results to the artful but deserving advertiser. I hear the idea came from America, where, like the famous "nuts," most tricky things seem to hail from.

We all seem to be stocked up with pretty gowns and smart clothes generally, but the weather gives us no chance of wearing them, for one cannot face the Siberian north-easter which has become our chronic condition apparently in the inadequate covering of China crépe or embroidered muslins. Lots of women went over to Paris for Whitsuntide, and have brought, or are bringing, heaven-born creations in chiffon, but there they are, and there they will be, like the "Three Old Maids of Lee," until a milder order of atmosphere doth prevail.

The new ruche pelerine of which Frenchwomen are making such a feature with their frocks I have seen most extensively and variously interpreted, but it is the accessory *par excellence* of the summer toilet when no coat or cape is necessary, and, so far, those who venture forth without being muffled to the ear-tips have paid the penalty of all the sorts of uncomfortable ailments which their aggrieved throats and chests are capable of inflicting.

String-colour seems to make for favour, and in the new voile de laine and the old Tussore silk this classic tone revisits us. Yokes, sleeves, and entire zouaves of Irish guipure go well over Tussore-colour, and one of Worth's dresses rendered in white Irish guipure over string-coloured chiffon, belted and strapped with vivid emerald velvet, was among the prettiest dresses at Ranelagh on Saturday. The varieties in sleeves seen on this occasion passed all description, and there is no doubt that the important feature of our summer frocks will be the unexpected crescendos and diminuendos of which they are capable.

A frock of soft cigar-brown-coloured canvas, having a basqued blouse-bodice adorned with embroidered taffetas to match and thick brownish net with coffee-coloured guipure, was another of the Ranelagh successes. The dress was crowned with a delightfully made hat of differently shaded nasturtiums, and a parasol embroidered in ribbon-work to match.

A pale-green linon frock incrusted with guipure had a quaint arrangement of little ribbon bows in a darker shade, which successfully toned down the hard appearance that linon frocks generally possess. The wearer constituted a most effective harmony by means of her petticoat and parasol, which were both of mauve taffetas, the former having wide black lace flounces intersected with little pinked-out ruches of taffetas. A costume of red voile figuring on the same occasion made a very effective appearance with the background of green lawn and trees. The skirt was done with strapped bands and curious little buttons of wood in darker tones of red, and the beautifully made blouse-bodice had wide striped bands of velvet in contrasting shades. A small pelerine was fastened to the bodice with wooden buttons. The hat was audaciously but picturesquely red in velvet poppies of many tones.

People who look for new effects in table decoration may be advised to try the effect of leafy twigs set firmly in silver pots, with ripe fruit tied to their little branches. I have seen cherries affixed to tiny saplings with great effect, and, of course, when we have currants, later on, the miniature tree will be still easier to negotiate. Half-a-dozen decked out in this way make a wonderfully pretty effect on a fairly wide table. Table-centres become daily things of more beauty, since the festoons of ribbon-work done on thin muslin have become so great a vogue. Picotees, roses, violets, can be made to imitate Nature exactly by means of the new wide ribbons which have recently been invented by a Parisian embroideress. The effect, when done on point d'esprit or very fine India muslin, gives the idea exactly of sprays of fresh flowers thrown on to the table-centre.

Once upon a time, and a very good time it was for various invalids, a good man of Bavaria, known as Padre Kniepp, made cures by simple but effective rules of hygiene far away in a mountain village. His fame grew. He died. But his name and work abides. And I am reminded of his many virtues by a postal packet bearing his world-famous name which the York Street Flax Spinning Company, of 2, Milk Street, London, have adopted to exploit a linen mesh for underwear which they call "The Kniepp." The garments bearing this trade-mark are "guaranteed" by the makers to be of pure Irish linen, and, as linen is recommended by some doctors for underwear instead of cotton, those who cannot "run to" silk, and find woollen garments irritating, will doubtless think "The Kniepp" linen underwear a welcome change.

SYBIL.

"DAY'S DIARY FOR THE WEEK."

"Day's Diary" is a novel publication, in that, unlike the usual form of diary, it deals exclusively with the future and gives brief particulars of everything that is expected to happen in the various fields of human activity. It is an advance supplement to the newspaper, for, just as the newspaper records what has happened, so "Day's Diary" deals with what is going to happen. It is published without advertisements, and, in a convenient form for the vest-pocket, contains ample space for private diary and memoranda, being provided also with a lead-pencil. It may be obtained from your newsagent for one penny weekly, or postal subscribers, at a cost of six-and-sixpence per annum, will be provided with a neat leather case, with pockets for season-ticket, cards, stamps, &c., and refills weekly. In addition to all this, it carries with it a £250 insurance. Those who have spent hours in searching files of newspapers to find the date of a coming concert, theatre performance, an auction, or what not, will appreciate "Day's Diary," for its owner has in his vest-pocket all he needs in this way. It is published every Saturday by Messrs. Unwin Brothers, the Editorial Offices being at 40, Finsbury Square.

OUR TWO GREATEST ACTRESSES AND MR. TREE.

FINDING that Mr. Beerbohm Tree was desirous to say a few words to *The Sketch* regarding the achievement of his greatly daring feat of engaging England's two greatest actresses, namely, Mrs. Kendal and Miss Ellen Terry—or, not to seem in any way invidious, Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal—I made it my business to have a little chat on the subject with my esteemed actor-manager friend, whom I have so often had the privilege of interviewing for our readers.

Mr. Tree was, when I called upon him, deeply engaged in "making up" for "Ulysses," but his blithe blue eyes beamed with honest pride as I congratulated him upon securing for his already fine cast of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" these two finest actresses of our time. I gathered from him that this sometime secretly cherished project of his was, as might be expected, fraught with some difficulty, and, indeed, called for some diplomacy, not to say finesse.

"But see the result already," quoth Tree. "Since the merest hint of the fact that these gifted ladies have honoured me by consenting to play in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' during this joyous Coronation Season, our box-office has been besieged. And we have had very tempting offers from the libraries to make a 'deal' with them regarding whole rows of seats. But, as I have never adopted this plan with the libraries before, I do not intend to start such negotiations even on this important occasion."

And gradually I gathered that Mr. Tree had, like the true diplomatist he is, set to work wily in this matter—that is to say, that, while he ran down to Brighton to persuade Mrs. Kendal to come, his astute business-manager, Mr. Henry Dana, was off to Winchilsea to entice Miss Ellen Terry. And, happily for London (and visiting country) playgoers, both diplomats succeeded.

The two gifted actresses were each inclined to agree to Mr. Tree's startling proposal if the other would first select the character she preferred. "If Ellen will play Mrs. Ford, I will play Mrs. Page," said Mrs. Kendal. "I insist upon Madge having first choice," said Miss Terry; and so the *pourparlers* for some time went on, until at length Mrs. Kendal agreed to play Mrs. Ford, in place of Miss Lily Hanbury (still, unhappily, indisposed), and Miss Ellen Terry to enact Mrs. Page, in place of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who will represent sweet Anne Page. This splendid combination will start business at Her Majesty's on June 10, the wonderful dual engagement, of course, causing the salary list to rise enormously.

Mr. Tree, who is, I find, heartily looking forward to repeating his fine impersonation of Falstaff to the Merry Wives of our two greatest actresses, tells me that, notwithstanding certain rumours to the effect that he will put on other comedies, such as "Twelfth Night," on the Saturdays when Miss Terry will have to be at the Lyceum, he will really give on those occasions revivals of "Hamlet."—H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Within the next few weeks, the Walter Scott Publishing Company will issue a new book by Mr. John Foster Fraser, entitled "Vagabond Papers," being a collection of the author's experiences in various parts of the world.

Special Late Train from Victoria to Brighton.—With a view to meeting the convenience of visitors to Brighton, and others, during the Coronation festivities a late train will leave Victoria 11.50 p.m. every week-day during the month of June, arriving at Brighton about 1 a.m.

The Mazawattee Tea Company have prepared a number of attractive coloured tins, with portraits of their Majesties and heraldic surroundings, which should command a large sale as Coronation souvenirs. Offered at prices from one penny upwards and containing either the tea or chocolate for which the Company has so great a reputation, they are eminently suitable for distribution among members of local institutions, workpeople, and school-children, who will doubtless treasure them as mementoes.

The New Palace Steamers started their regular sailings for Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate a week or two ago, and on the first day of July *La Marguerite* will begin her trips to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend. The same fine steamer will make a special trip to Southampton on Friday, June 27, for the great Naval Review on the following day, returning on Sunday. Only five hundred tickets will be issued, so there will be no overcrowding, and to prevent disappointment early application for particulars should be made to Mr. T. E. Barlow, 50, King William Street, E.C.

Epsom Summer Races, June 3, 4, 5, and 6.—The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special service of trains from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, and London Bridge to Tattenham Corner Station, and *vice versa*. Tattenham Corner Station is the only station actually on the Course and is within five minutes' walk of the Grand Stand. The last special train will leave Charing Cross at 1.20 p.m. on Derby Day and at 1.50 p.m. on other days. Fast trains will be run to London each day from Tattenham Corner at 4, 4.25, and 4.50 p.m. for London Bridge, Waterloo, and Charing Cross, and also at frequent intervals after the races.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 10.

IS IT PEACE?

IT looks as if what the Stock Exchange called the Peace Account were going to end without the much-wished-for consummation being actually arrived at, although every day makes the market more sanguine of the eventual end. There is nothing to do but possess our souls in patience and wait for the good time when it shall please His Majesty's Ministers to take the world into their confidence.

As to the Money Market, it does not seem probable that there will be much change in the current rates for some time to come. We shall receive considerable additions to our gold stocks from Australia and elsewhere, possibly even from the Continent, but, on the other hand, the internal demand will be large. As to the autumn, it would be premature to indulge in forecasts which could only be speculations; in fact, all that anyone can say with certainty is that the value of money will then be governed by the position in the United States.

THE ADVANCE IN ARGENTINES.

Goodwill towards Chili is the keynote of the rise in Argentine Bonds which has shaken renewed interest in life amongst the Foreign Markets of the European bourses. Whilst Chilian issues have been rather slow to respond to the quickening breath of the more amicable relations which are said to have just been established between the two Republics, Argentines are well up and a rising market. Of course, if it be true that both countries are to act in exact unanimity with regard to naval and military armament, the news would thoroughly justify the improved values; but, knowing our Argentine as we in this City do, the temptation to fight may prove too strong to be stopped by any treaty. Moreover, if Chili and Argentine know themselves to be equally matched as regards armament, the thirst for trying conclusions might become greater than ever, and so we take the latest intelligence with some degree of caution. In fact, after the jump that there has been of late in Argentines, it might be as well to secure what profits there are available, in the hope of getting the Bonds back again more cheaply. It would want very little of adverse intelligence to badly scare the market, and those who sold now are likely to have several opportunities for advantageously replacing their investments later on.

KAFFIRS AND KLEINFONTEIN.

The South African Mining Market fairly bubbles with excited animation. The vicious little doors which lead into its *mêlée* are on the perpetual swing, and the crowd of dealers is again becoming recruited from the jobbers in other departments. To get from one side of the market to the other is a task fit for giants, and the overflowing crowd is fortunately good-tempered, otherwise there would be fights every moment of the day. Whether the public are taking much of a hand may be regarded as doubtful, but at present the stirring of the waters by professional operators is quite sufficient to lash the market into wild life, and, of course, it needs only a few weeks of "big-house" activity to induce the public to follow suit. What is to happen after the Coronation-tide and the holidays have been got out of the way and the industry settles down to steady working under the new *régime* is a matter for considerable doubt. The fresh vista which British government opens out is so novel that it must indeed be long before the Kaffir Circus can adjust its prices to the new conditions, and such speculation, of course, tends to largely increase the value of the market as a medium for gambling. There will, of course, be alarms and stage-frights under British rule just as there were under that of the beneficent Boer, and sudden rushes upward will inevitably be followed by reactions.

In our Stock Exchange letter of April 30, the attractions of New Kleinfontein new shares were pointed out, the price then being 1 $\frac{3}{4}$. Since then they have risen over fifteen shillings, and our moral responsibility is at an end. The New Kleinfontein Mine suffered, perhaps, more from Boer depredations than any other in the whole of the country. Plant which cost over two hundred thousand pounds,

and which took two years to erect, was ruthlessly destroyed. Some idea of the damage done may be gathered from the accompanying picture, which is now published for the first time by the courteous permission of the Manager of the Anglo-French Exploration Company.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange. At the beginning of this year I believe somebody was rash enough to prophesy that we should see Consols at 90 before next New Year's Day. That somebody, I may as well confess, has exercised the prerogative of the unfair fair sex and changed his mind. I do not suppose now that Consols will go to 90, and permit me, dear holders of the Funds, to apologise for all the perturbation I must have caused you. Some tell us that Goschens are on the straight road to par, a view which is, perhaps, a little fanciful, but obviously better than my former opinion. Whether Consols will get to the round hundred or not, there is undoubtedly a big rise coming in those securities beloved by the three and four per cent. investor. A steady upward tramp is already making itself heard even in Home Railway Prior stocks, which are on the rise along with Colonial and Corporation issues. The War, warbles the capitalist, is, to all practical intents and purposes, over and gone, and the voice of the investor is clamant in the land. What complaints arise are in connection with the paucity of good purchases at cheap prices, and once more the outsider is grumbling because the Stock Exchange, foreseeing this present demand, has been quietly putting up prices for some weeks past.

With the interest on Consols coming down to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. next year, it would appear to be wiser to seek some investment upon which the interest will improve than to put money into the National Debt, and a recognition of the cheapness of Home Rails is not surprising, under the circumstances. It takes a very small amount of buying to raise quotations in this section, and the shortness of stock is sufficiently marked to make it probable that any public demand would immediately cause a smart rally. Of course, the late wintry weather is not conducive to good traffics, and the recent holiday was much too dismal an affair to send people crying out for Home Rails as soon as they returned from their jaunts to the unhappy seaside or miserable country resting-places. But the tone of the market is remarkably good, and for investment purposes I stick to my former selections—Great Western, Midland Deferred, and

North-Eastern Consols, all of which are worth more money than they command at present.

How is it, I wonder, that the North-Eastern Railway so arrogantly calls its Ordinary stock "Consols"? One could understand Little Chathams or Trunk Ordinary being sobriquetted by a dignified title in the way of advertisement, but the North-Eastern Railway hardly wants such adventitious aids to popularise its stock. Now, such names as Chatham Consols or Grand Trunk Railway Preferred Converted Ordinary would work wonders with the prices of those insecurities, and I commend the suggestion to the Boards of the Companies. The last proposal reminds one of the story told of an aforesome reporter on the staff of the *Times* who was paid for his work at so much per line. "Mr. So-and-So," exclaimed the exasperated sub-editor one day, "what the *Times* wants is 'fires,' not 'appalling conflagrations.' Do you not understand?"

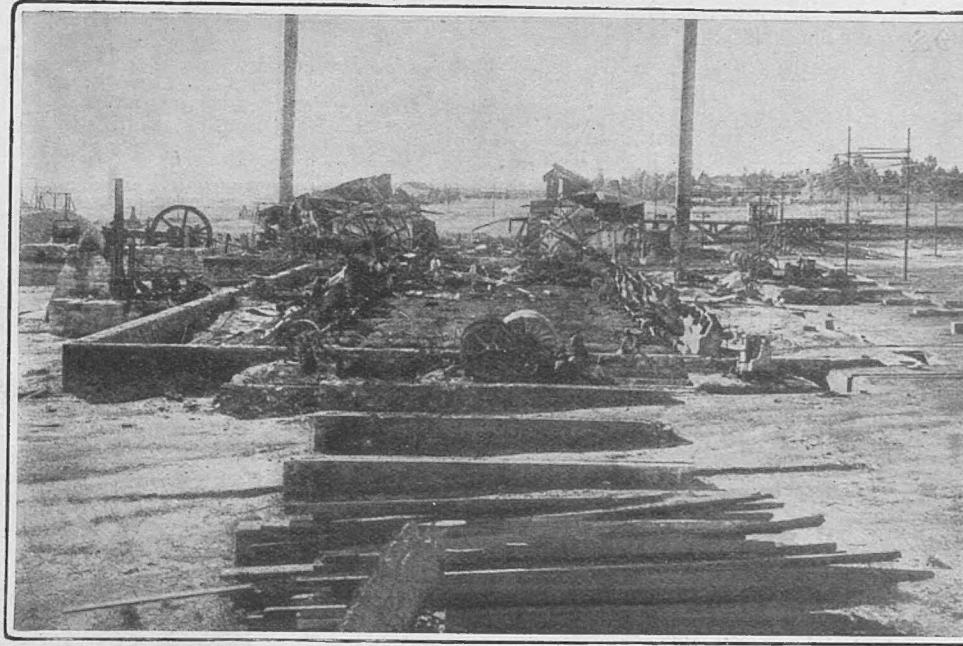
"But 'fires,'" objected

the mild contributor, "is only a single word, and, my dear sir, 'appalling conflagration' can be made to run into a line and a half."

The Grand Trunk Market must be nearing the zenith of its sensational rise, and the prudent-minded can do no harm in securing their profits on the Third Preference and the Ordinary stocks. The First Preference, as one has repeatedly shown, is an excellent investment, although it stands a full ten points higher than it was when first recommended. That it may go to 110 is not at all unlikely. Trunk Seconds at 90 will return a purchaser about 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his money, provided that the dividend is paid in full for the current year, so that the present price of the stock may be justified, despite the very speculative character of the security. But Trunk Thirds over 40 and the Ordinary at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ can only be regarded as gambles, and highly priced ones, too. Canada's most enthusiastic son would scarcely argue that the prosperity of the country's two great lines can continue without a break, and all ye who have dabbled in Trunks know full well what effect a single disappointing traffic may have on the market. I cannot see that there is anything left to go for in the junior Trunks and should not hesitate to sell if the stocks were my own. Canadas have all but touched the 140 which was pointed out as a good price at which to realise in my letter of May 14, but the shares have passed beyond all ordinary bounds of calculation and may reach 150 before very long.

In view of the large influx of American visitors to London this season, may I respectfully suggest to the Managers and Trustees of the Stock Exchange that it would be a graceful act of international courtesy to place the House at the disposal of financially disposed Yankees, say, for a week after the Coronation? It seems so hard upon the poor little millionaire fellows to have to be away from their own fire-sides and kerbstones of Wall Street for three or four weeks, and the Managers might surely let them come and gambol about in our own House, while we—well, of course, we should have to be given a holiday for the time being. Doubtless, a good many Americans will get into the House, in any case, like angels unawares, and to give them *carte blanche* for a week would save a lot of trouble. Any little difficulties in regard to offices, staffs, and so forth could easily be arranged. This being entirely my own idea, I am bound to say that it strikes me as an eminently good and workable one. Any further details can be sent either to the Managers or to myself at the office of *The Sketch*.

Mexican Rails, after their severe slump upon the issue of the report, and the wonderfully pessimistic speech of the Chairman at the Company's meeting, are gathering themselves together again, and prices recovered almost as quickly as they relapsed. Almost, but not quite, for the stock is still a full 10 points below the level ruling a month ago. As my readers know, I entirely mistrusted the tip which was the main reason for the First Preference being hoisted to 82 $\frac{1}{2}$, but, now that the stock



THE KLEINFONTEIN GOLD-MINE, WRECKED BY THE BOERS.

General View from the Crusher Station.

is 14 points cheaper and the traffics continue very satisfactory, there is more to be said in favour of Mexican Firsts. The market is one of the worst to deal in that can be imagined, wide prices being invariably quoted, high contangoes charged, and difficulty being experienced when one wishes to sell on a dull day. Yet, to take up and put away and forget about for three months or so, there are, perhaps, few better gambles to be found than Mexican First Preference stock.

The cool way in which the United States Steel Corporation has placed fifty millions of new 5 per cent. bonds in front of the Preferred stock is a reminder that in American finance a good many things are allowed which would never pass muster in this islet. Mr. Trehane's agitation, justifiable though it was, proved the failure which it was bound to be, but that gentleman has done usefully in drawing attention to the free-and-easy way whereby the Yankee magnates can do pretty well as they like with the Companies under their control. The incident deserves remembrance in the day when the Atlantic Trust securities shall be introduced to our market—a day which I may perhaps be allowed to remark is at present thought of as likely to be some four months ahead. Mr. Andrew Carnegie holds a big block of Steel Trust bonds, which rank before everything else as regards the Corporation's profits and assets. By the way, is it inquisitive to ask in what form Mr. Carnegie makes the generous gifts of which the newspapers have lately been compiling a list? Is it in actual cash, or in United States Steel Corporation Common Stock valued at par, or in the Preferred, or in some other security? To challenge the splendid generosity of the Scottish-American would be, of course, ridiculous; but, as a mere point of interest, the question has probably presented itself to many others in addition to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

HOVIS BREAD AND STRATTON'S INDEPENDENCE.

Hovis Bread, with its capital of £112,500 in 6 per cent. Preference shares and £112,500 in Ordinary shares, both of £5 each, has had a good year. When the Company was originally floated, at the end of 1897, the profits showed an average for three years of just over £19,000 a-year, and during the first eighteen months of its existence the prospectus figures were not quite realised; but the disputes of the vendors among themselves, which were an open secret, had, no doubt, much to do with this, and the last three reports have shown satisfactory figures. For the year ending March 31, 1902, the profit has been £25,492 (after allowing over £5000 for depreciation), which enables a dividend of 10 per cent. to be paid on the Ordinary shares for the year, £2500 to be placed to reserve, and £5000 to be carried forward.

Since the incorporation of the Company, the Ordinary share dividend has increased from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent., and now to 10 per cent., and, if the conservative policy of the Board and the strengthening of the reserves are continued, there is no reason why the progressive nature of the profits should not continue. The £5 Preference shares at par and the Ordinary at about ½ premium both yield a good rate of interest without, as far as we can see, undue risk.

From Hovis to Stratton's is a far cry, and an unsatisfactory one as well. From time to time we have commented on Mr. Hays Hammond's cablegrams, and, now that the great mining engineer has met the shareholders face-to-face, we cannot say he has proved more encouraging than his wires. Since Mr. Hammond first took the mine in hand, in 1900, it is clear that no discovery of appreciable value has been made in depth, and, as no man can see a foot in front of him at the end of a level or the bottom of a shaft, it is impossible to say whether or not the mine has a future. The position is that the present ore bodies of a payable nature are practically exhausted, and in the last twenty months, despite Mr. Hays Hammond's most strenuous efforts, the exploration work has produced very little of value. There is, fortunately, plenty of money in hand to continue development, but whatever it is decided to spend and whatever value the shares may still retain the hope of some new find alone can justify.

THE "MINING MANUAL" FOR 1902.

Mr. Skinner again introduces us to a new volume of his admirable "Mining Manual." It resembles its predecessors in nearly every feature, but, of course, the information is brought up to date. Particulars of 3523 Companies are given, and there is added a list of Mining Directors and Secretaries which is of great use if a reader desires to identify the mines of any particular group. Until we took up Mr. Skinner's book we had no idea that there were 420 Jungle concerns known here, while of South Africans, including Rhodesia, there are barely double the number. To say that this year's "Manual" is an improved edition of last year's appears to us to be very high praise indeed.

Saturday, May 24, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

MEXICO.—We advise you to hold your Second Preference, but take a reasonable profit as soon as you can get it. There is a fair prospect of your getting out with a bit to the good within a reasonable time. Don't be too greedy, and remember that on a small rise it is well to sell. You can generally get in again lower down.

R. W.—Cape 4 per cent. Bonds at about 102 with accrued interest should suit you, but we think you might hold such things as Gas Light and Coke Stock or Notting Hill Electric Light Preference or Central London Railway Ordinary Stock without undue risk and a chance of improved capital value.

F. S.—Your letter was answered on the 22nd inst. Although it is dated the 19th, it appears from the post-mark not to have been posted till the 21st. On second thoughts, we were perhaps unkind to New Steyn Estate. Please consider that we should have classed it with Nos. 2 and 3 on your list.

TIMES.—See answer to "R. W." You would not be running any serious risk in buying *Lady's Pictorial* Preference shares at the present price, and they would pay you over 5 per cent. We know the Company is doing very well. As to the gamble on Peace, all African rubbis! will probably rise, but we have no faith in the intrinsic value of things like Barrets or Lisbon-Berlyns, and, if you buy, you must be prepared to lose your money, unless you get out quickly.

SPERO.—Both the shares mentioned by you are sound, but the price is high. We would rather buy *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. Pref. at a trifle below par. These are the best and cheapest shares we know.

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"THE SKETCH" OFFICES, 198, STRAND, W.C.

Epsom Races, the "Derby" and "Oaks."—The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to despatch trains at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station near the Grand Stand. Passengers will be booked through from Kensington (Addison Road) Station by direct trains, and by others changing at Clapham Junction into the Victoria trains to the Epsom Downs Station. Through tickets to Epsom Downs Station via London Bridge will be issued from all stations on the City and South London Electric Railway. Special trains are run to the Epsom Town Station from Victoria and London Bridge, and passengers will also be booked through to that station by trains from Liverpool Street, Whitechapel and East London Line Stations, via New Cross and Peckham Rye Junctions, and from Kensington via Clapham Junction.